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# The QUARTERLY REVIEW

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 561.—JULY 1944.

Art. 1.—THE PROBLEM OF ITALY.

1. *The Evolution of Modern Italy.* 1789–1919. By A. J. Whyte. With 8 maps. Blackwell. 15s.
2. *The Development of Modern Italy.* (Dates 1848–1919). By C. J. S. Sprigge. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.
3. *One Man Alone.* By M. H. H. Macartney. Chatto and Windus. 15s.
4. *What to do with Italy.* By Salvemini and La Piana. Gollancz. 6s.
5. *The Real Italians.* By Count Carlo Sforza. Columbia University Press. \$2.

At a time when paper is scarce and men are busy, both publishers and writers have been devoting time to the problem presented by Italy. Of these one, Dr Whyte, is an historian, one a well-known man of affairs, two professors in America, and two journalists with long experience of Rome. The information they combine to present is anything but superficial.

Dr Whyte goes back farthest. Here is for the first time a sound history of Italy in the nineteenth century, from a scholar whose speciality is Cavour, but he throws much light on the evolution of Italy in the time of Napoleon and of Metternich, sheds some new light on the Risorgimento, and traces once more the story of United Italy up to the time of Mussolini. His opening pages are superb, the next section strongly and freshly painted, but the concluding chapters are conventional. Here Mr Sprigge comes in. Neither disguises the part played by freemasons, and Mr Sprigge, though he is anything but a conservative, frankly asserts that Giolitti had made parliamentary government into a dictatorship before Mussolini was ever thought of, and that there was no working alternative to Mussolini. Mr Macartney, with the accuracy of a 'Times' correspondent, takes up the  
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story where Mr Sprigge puts it down. To write a book without bias about the man who ranged Italy against us is impossible, but the only facts Mr Macartney suppresses are the blunders of British and French policy. The Italians write to advocate a republic, but they know their case and throw much more light on the scene than Mr Macartney. They refute the case put forward by Cardinal Hinsley and Professor Binchy that the Vatican was fundamentally opposed to Mussolini; they supply a useful corrective to Dr Binchy's Irish enthusiasm for democracy. The Vatican and Fascism were mutually indebted, though the Popes tried to correct the fascists wherever they went astray.

Count Carlo Sforza knows this Italy. He has had also ample opportunities to study the world and meet its prominent men. He belongs to a great family of Milan: he served for years in Italian diplomacy, including China, he was Ambassador in Paris and Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has looked at the world critically, and with patience. A happier contrast to the insolent self-confidence in the face of Ciano it would be difficult to find. Sforza is as typical of the virtues in the Italian people as Ciano was typical of the effrontery of its rogues.

But there is one weakness in his philosophy. He leans too much on the system which had brought him to early success. He fails to see how the economic pressure of the age had persuaded people for the sake of bread and business to sacrifice the vote and what it implied. Voting will seldom feed a hungry man: and freedom is often a flattering word for faction.

Count Sforza can give good reasons why the dictatorships had been accepted in country after country in Europe: but deep in his heart remains the faith that each was a temporary expedient, and that sooner or later the rivers of history will run in the old courses, and freedom count more for men than economic arrangement. He is a Liberal and a Parliamentarian through and through.

No one spoke with bolder clearness of the brutal treatment of Amendola and the murder of Matteotti. He paid the price of his courage: his home in the country was burned, his safety and his property menaced, and the time came, when, considering what had happened, he judged it safer to leave Italy. One could not listen to

him without agreeing; he inevitably feels a certain indignation against those who came to terms with fascism after he had been forced into exile.

The problem is a very real one. It involves not only the King, but the Pope, and, as an incisive journalist has pointed out in 'The Trial of Mussolini' very eminent British statesmen, including, of course, Mr Churchill himself. The moral indignation felt by Count Sforza and Mr Foote is natural enough, but the answer to it is that no alternative promised an immunity from scandals, and that weighing one thing with another it was better to put up with Mussolini, and try to influence him for good, than to leap from his frying pan into the fire of revolution, which in Russia and in Budapest had meant murder and misery.

Nevertheless, Count Carlo Sforza was brought back from America to Naples on the understanding that he would support the Badoglio Government, and after his arrival in Naples his friends changed their view of his sagacity, when, like Salvemini and La Piana, the Italian professors whom he had left behind in America, he declared for republicanism.

Count Sforza is a delightful and able Italian; the Duce, perverse and repellent as he is, remains a genius on the grand scale:

A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,  
A spacious garden, full of flowering weeds,  
A glorious devil, large in heart and mind.

From the beginning, his impressive aspect was marred by coarseness of feature: it was also mottled by his record of depravity: if some, under his charm, likened him to Napoleon, others saw only a stocky mutineer. And the Italy he laboriously created by the phenomenal energy of eighteen years, by one error of moral judgment he destroyed utterly in three. Inebriated with his own energy, he has been ground to destruction by the tribunes he had himself invented. But even over its ruin, his shadow towers portentous.

Born on the Apennine slopes at Predappio in the Romagna, he found his childhood moulded by two parents. His mother, a woman of gentle disposition and some refinement, had been a schoolmistress: she remained a

Christian. His father was an atheist and a revolutionary blacksmith, who called him Benito after the Mexican Indian tough who in 1867 shot the Emperor Maximilian at Querétaro.

Anyone who knows Italy knows the intense reality of its family life. Nowhere else in the world are people so much the children of their parents. In the developing genius of Benito Mussolini we see at every turn the influence of his early home. In his better moments the attractive and civilising influence of Italian motherhood and Italian culture returned, and lent him the glint of a momentary charm ; but throughout his career, his coarse figure and his heavy head suggested the sinister mould of a father, half brigand, half artisan, who harangued people in favour of mutiny in the intervals of brawny work in the forge. The forge was Mussolini's real school. The big leather bellows, the fumes of smoke, the red hot iron, the acrid smell of singed hoofs, and the swinging blows of the hammer as with directed violence the blacksmith beats on the anvil the metal softened, while heated, in his fire—these gave Benito Mussolini his ideas of workmanship. As Lord Lloyd was always the cox, so he remained the smith.

In the class room he was a rebel. He was sent to some Christian brothers at Faenza, but they had to give up the job of training this wild boar. Yet all the while he was feeling within himself the spirit of his country, and in his boyhood came not only the scenes of sunlight in the Apennines but one of those visions of the past which flash life into the soul of genius. He visited Ravenna. There in the town where Byron had courted the Contessa Guiccioli, he saw collected fair mosaics which took him back to the time of Belisarius and Constantine, the perfect delicacy of sculpture in the form of Guidarelli, the renaissance palace, the baroque church, and among them all the tomb of Italy's sublimest genius, the Divine Poet. The mighty spirits, living on in the splendour they had given Ravenna, struck chords from his vibrant soul.

He later took up a little teaching, but his turbulence could settle to nothing. Borrowing money to escape from trouble, he rushed over the Swiss frontier to Geneva. There, doing any sort of job, or none, he was still observed as a dangerous man and clashed with the police. A

little later we see him in the Trentino, inciting Italians against the Austrian government. He preached the revolutionary doctrines he had picked up from reading such men as Sorel, and now appeared in Milan as a revolutionary journalist.

He was thirty years of age when Europe went to war in 1914. But while the Central Powers were content to try and keep Italy out of the war, and offered her as an ally bribes to continue neutral, the agents of Paris and London tried to persuade her to declare for shooting and attack. As she had no real interest in the struggle, they had to employ more cogent arguments than those of reason. On such occasions, the French at least have always sums of money at hand. While on the one hand, some idealists backed the principles called those of democracy, freemasons strove to spread their own ideas, and some calculated for their pockets. It was at this juncture that, while the King supported, against both the masses of peasantry and the Church, an active intervention, Mussolini flung over the peace propaganda of the socialists, proclaimed the allied cause and gave sentence for open war. Angelika Balabanoff states categorically that he was bribed.

From henceforward he was a militarist out and out. War fed his voracious temperament with what it craved. 'In my rough heart,' he himself wrote, 'I felt personal admiration for the soldiers coming from all parts of Italy.' Then hospital claimed him. Wounded in forty-four places, he suffered atrocious pain. And here he met again what his mother had offered him—the softening influence of the Church. He began to see that patriotism for an Italian touched the religion which had shaped his country's genius. He began to put the Catholic things into his capacious bag of dramatic effects.

When after swaying backwards and forwards the war ended, Italy was disillusioned. After losing 600,000 dead against our 1,000,000, she got, it is true, all that the Germans had promised her to keep out of the war. She even got a little more; but nothing like the whole of what she had been promised. When Austria-Hungary had been shattered and the German Reich was ruined, Trieste was no longer the flourishing port it had been, and all Italy felt the pinch. At this point Giolitti came



forward and said 'I told you so,' the Pope in gentler tones pointed also to the results of which he had warned them. So strong was Italy's revulsion to the war that disabled soldiers were stoned in the streets. But Giolitti was too old; the parliamentary system broke down, and Italy slid into confusion.

All this time Mussolini in every sense stuck to his guns. Far from denying the war, he insisted on its temper, its ideals, and its objects, the first of which was to kill.

How was he to reconcile this with his position as a socialist? How did he adapt it to the immense impetus given to the extreme left by the success, and by the funds, of the Bolsheviks?

Mussolini was nothing if not an opportunist. In that sense he was the Italian Lloyd George. Born of the people, his sympathies were with the people. Among contrasting gifts, he had a genius of resource. He found in his study of Bolshevism that it worked through 'cells,' he knew from his reading that social reformers always aimed at forming a group, a *fascio*. He had, in fact, formed his *fasci d'azione* in 1914 and 1915 to bring Italy into the war. They had knocked out the pacifist socialists by shock action. He now set to work once again with the same instrument: he swung it like the hammer in the forge; he determined to break Italy into shape on his anvil.

The war had brought forward there a new type of young man, after the heart of Mussolini. While some hung back from battle, another type, the *Arditi*, swaggered to the fray. Professor Trevelyan spoke both of the gaiety of their boyish spirits and of their fierce and reckless courage. To the last degree they dramatised dash. Their dress was peculiar. They wore a black fez with a black tassel, and if they wore shirts at all, black shirts. But they loved to march past singing with breasts and backs bare. They were the beginning of a youth new to Europe, a youth clamouring for command. This was what Mussolini now began to organise in his *fasci*. And so his movement began. These he taught out of the books of Sorel, Nietzsche and Machiavelli in those days when as Cicotti, an enemy of fascism, admits, parliamentary government had become 'a shadow and a lie.' Between the communists on the one side, and the clericals on the

other, it had simply broken down. In such disorders lurked the peril not of communism but of state socialism. Mussolini defended the factories, and shouted for Catholicism as the tradition of Rome. He confronted the left with the idea of a nation armed and rampant, and the support of an army of patriots, backed by business and the Church.

In October 1922, after sounding speeches at Udine, Cremona, and Milan, he cried at Naples: 'We are at the moment when the arrow quits the bow.' There was a tense moment when men waited to see if the bow string would fly back and kill the archer. But no. Three days later he proceeded with his *coup d'état*. His forces marched on Rome, provided what the people called a *bella festa*, and the King decided to accept them. So it was that Mussolini came to Rome to cope with a breakdown.

He still had no philosophy: his policy was moderate. To his friendship with the King, the Army, the Church, he added that of the Allies with whom he had fought. He proclaimed himself the friend of France and England.

We had at that time in Rome one of the ablest of our diplomats: but diplomacy was not always easy. There was the scandal of Matteotti; there was a difficulty when in 1923 first the United States, then all America, stopped the stream of Italian immigration, and since the million of immigrants sent back substantial remittances, this disorganised the balance of Italy's finance. Yet another complaint was that, as the years went on, France did nothing to fulfil the obligations contracted during the war, in spite of the increase of needs for an Italy whose population was mounting at the rate of 400,000 a year. By 1939 its numbers passed those of France and reached those of Great Britain.

While Mussolini remained on excellent terms with the British Ambassador, he made also in 1929 his treaty with the Vatican, and in payment of past dues gave it the support of bonds bearing an interest of £400,000 a year.

He had not long made the Concordat when he tried to twist youth in his favour by giving boys the temper and taste for battle. As Labour said, he never ceased to trumpet blatantly what the Allies had first asked of him—the praise of armies. He vaunted the shocks of war: his fascists applied the stick. His own private life, behind

the veils of discretion, was lurid, and his character was consistent in nothing so much as lack of scruple. These things set out against a background of misgivings his achievements.

For there were achievements. He at least strangled the crime organisations, the Camorra and the Mafia: he gave the masses discipline and patriotism: he balanced the budget: he organised supplies: he discouraged vice, laziness, blasphemy, and begging: he stopped strikes: he worked out bold improvements in Rome, and schemes of reclamation: he demanded respect abroad for the claims and power of his country.

He arranged for wheat supplies, and gradually elaborated a new theory of government. It looked on the state as the unity and adjustment of the nation in one organic life. In practice this generally meant the regulation of all conflicts by the decision, for better or for worse, by the Duce himself.

Yet, when most robust, the impulses he gave were not wholly sound. He made too often, instead of a patriot, a jingo. When encouraging sport, he often turned his young men into heady fools. Always an actor, he overdid his drama when for example, in 1938, he demanded from his ageing ministers the athletics of the *arditi*. They were thrown into baths to swim a length: on horseback they were whipped on to take the hurdles, they ran in the *circo agonale*, and finally they had to leap through hoops of fire.

Yet neither in the affair of Abyssinia nor in that of Spain was he without a case. His complaint that France had done nothing to fulfil her obligations was perfectly accurate, and Laval admitted it—in order shrewdly to win his support against Hitler, then arming. The Negus of Abyssinia had definitely broken the treaty which gave Italy special trading rights in Abyssinia. When Mussolini was openly preparing to regain them, he met MacDonald and Lord Simon at Stresa in the spring of 1935. Though they both knew what he was doing, neither of them uttered a word of warning. Nor did they find an alternative. The invasion of Abyssinia was not wanton aggression but the sortie of a beleaguered army, starved by its own friends. The bargain worked out subsequently by Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, in the conversations of Sir Maurice Peterson with the Comte de St

Quentin, was the diplomats' fairest attempt at a solution of the difficulty; when signed by the Ministers behind the diplomats, it became the Hoare-Laval agreement. The trouble was that the governments had done nothing to instruct the newspapers or prepare the atmosphere; but Mussolini was not to blame for that. He said he could win the war and he did win it—in record time. Though we can never forget the ghastly crime of using poison-gas for half an hour, we remember also that the improvements he made throughout the years in Abyssinia were immense, and help us still.

When the sanctions put out by the partisans of Geneva were removed, Mussolini bore few grudges, and though an Ambassador from Geneva had been forced on him against his repeated protest, and though he and Mr Eden were temperamentally hostile to each other, he adopted with regard to Spain a policy which in point of fact was reasonable: it was on the side of civilisation and justice. He sent no troops there till his opponents had sent many. At the end of the war, he withdrew them all, and claimed no strategic advantages.

In 1938, he declared to Lord Cavan that he loved England. He helped to save England from war by his intervention at Munich; he did his utmost to restrain Hitler in 1939: he deplored the Berlin-Moscow alliance which precipitated the war, and at the end of the year 1939, he made yet another attempt at peace. To pretend that through all this time in deep malice and disdain he was the foe of England, as Mr Macartney contends, is not the judgment of an historian; it betrays rather a taste for figs in the garden of Eden.

The case for Mussolini is both subtler and simpler. He was obsessed with Machiavelli. He always subjected principle to expediency. His temperament never recovered from the impulses given it by war—war on the Allied side: and as on that occasion he preferred the calculation of his own profit and the impulses of his own passions to the guidance of the Church, so he did on every other occasion. He therefore made the axis in 1936, and in 1940 thought it more profitable to declare war than to continue his policy of peace. Both the Pope and Mr Churchill warned him. But he followed his devil to destruction.

After eighteen years of victories—and many in dubious fights—therefore, he crashed into the error which ruined him and ruined Italy. In three years of war she lost her navy and her merchant service, her foreign trade and her foreign possessions; her reserves were exhausted, her people starving, her country overrun by the Germans whom they hated.

Nevertheless, his colossal mistakes should not blind us either to his colossal successes or the errors of his foes. To dope ourselves with self-righteousness will not rescue us from the dilemma in which our errors have placed us. The truth is that Britain's record in Italian affairs is worse than we generally admit. In 1915 we overrode the Pope, the parliamentary leaders, and the people of Italy to get them into our war. We did so by the help of the King and Mussolini. With a lack of scruple which should silence us when we accuse others, we failed to pay the price we had engaged to pay; by hostile sanctions we then alienated the genius whom policy had made our support and our ally; and when even he has been defeated—when we have the King back with us once more—we carry on a campaign which in spite of many gallant deeds, in spite of clearing the Mediterranean, in spite of giving us new air bases from which to launch further attacks, has for so long spent our reserves without adequate result.

Soldiers complain that they have to come in at the peril of their lives when diplomacy fails. This time they were given a tremendous task, but the capture of Rome has atoned for some mistakes and many disappointments.

The efforts of our armies, even with the permanence of Sir James Grigg at the War Office and the temporary presence of Sir Bernard Montgomery in the Apennines, have failed so far to remedy the blunders which Mr Eden sponsored from Downing Street. Another blunder may have been added. According to the Vatican radio, the Pope assured us that at that time there were no German soldiers in the Abbey of Monte Cassino, and asked us to refrain from destroying it. If such a request was not just and reasonable, we ought to have denounced it as helping the Germans. But if it was true, was it worth while to ignore the appeal? We shelled an historic abbey full of refugees who are now accepted as being on our side.

That our commanders honestly believed the enemy

were in and around the Abbey is true. But the fact remains that both politically and strategically it was in the German interest for us to destroy it. Their chief gun emplacements were elsewhere. Our armies marched into a trap and were compelled to retire for several miles; they found their advance could not be resumed even after they had totally destroyed the town at the foot of the hill on which the Abbey was placed. No more for us than for Mussolini is it possible to repair by gunfire blunders which should never have been committed. The objects of our forces in Italy may not need the capture of Rome. It has been accounted sufficient to hold German troops, and to kill them. Our commanders realised from the first that if the Germans chose to hold us in Italy they could do so. But it was imperative for us not to leave all attacks to Russia and this was the one opportunity. But the Germans meanwhile did concentrate first.

One of the main reasons for our delay in acting has been that we demanded from her unconditional surrender; many precious weeks were perforce wasted while the conditions of unconditional surrender were being debated. When Lord Simon defined these conditions some months before in the House of Lords, he explained them only in so far as they applied to Germany. Italy was not mentioned, and no plans were made.

Hardly less crude was the announcement, not yet withdrawn but actually reinforced in March by Mr Cordell Hull, that Italy can have any government except fascism. What is fascism? And what would be its alternative? The more one knows the ground, the more one finds it difficult to answer these questions. Mussolini, as I have shown, was an opportunist, meeting occasions as they arose. And we shall have to do the same. If the alternative were to restore the masons and other secret societies which were too often crime organisations, the result would be neither lasting nor desirable. And if these parties began as our friends and allies—as Mussolini did—how long would they keep our friendship? Or we theirs?

We cannot establish relations of solid peace with Italy on the basis of excluding from expression all those who for twenty years have supported the policy of their country



or its form of government. If we were to try to go back to the time before Mussolini, we should still find that, under the appearance of a Parliament, there was in reality in Giolitti a dictator—and when that dictator disappeared there was chaos until there came forward another dictator.

Besides that, we must face the fact that in the years before the war, most countries in Europe were under absolute governments. That applied not only to Italy, to Germany, but to Portugal, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Spain, and finally Russia. These countries were forced into accepting authoritarian governments by the need of providing for their straitened needs. But now all over Europe as for ourselves that need is more urgent than ever before. The alternative is first starvation and then chaos.

It was indeed a deplorable fact that after we had conquered Southern Italy, the hunger of the people became at once worse. Though this was largely due to Germans destroying mills and water-supplies, we did not make our position sufficiently clear. It was not until the month of March that we completed arrangements to remove the threat of famine. Though none died, inhabitants were left to find out for themselves that their condition was more pitiable under us than it had been under Mussolini, or than that of the other Italians under Germans. No wonder they called *Viva Nessuno*, which, being translated, means 'hang the lot!'

One consequence of this economic failure was a loss of prestige to the Government which had declared for us. Well-fed agitators in Naples demonstrated against both Badoglio and the King, and it was argued therefore that the King must abdicate. The parties of the extreme left took advantage of this opportunity to exploit the feelings of the people. But it is one thing to induce people to voice their misery. It is quite another to provide them with alleviation. The talkers in Naples have not helped us.

As for King Victor Emmanuel and his house, their tradition is not that conservative one which the length of their line would suggest. To win Italy they compromised with the Grand Orient, Garibaldi, many men of the left, and some of the *canaille*. Both the politicians of United Italy and its Civil Servants were less effective



and more corrupt than those who preceded them. It is true that the King both accepted Mussolini and retained him, even when he made his worst blunders. But that does not mean that Italy offered the King any alternative a moment earlier than the conquest of Sicily argued for Badoglio. Should the Ministers have urged the King to go immediately? The answer depends on the alternatives to him. Since Italy had been for twenty years without any organised party but fascism, the new movement offers neither a wide choice of leaders nor a backing from the people. Yet now of all times Italy requires men trusted, experienced, and strong. She is not likely to find such men among her few republicans.

A further difficulty occurred in the choice of an alternative king. Those on the left recommended the baby son of the Prince Umberto under a regency. But in so unsettled a country a regency is the last thing that is required. It would neither be stable nor appeal to sentiment. It would be both the target and the toy of intrigue. The other alternative also involved some questions. The Prince of Piedmont is now approaching forty years of age, but, though an attractive personality, he certainly has not his father's experience, his father's solid character, nor his father's shrewdness. He has been what the Italians call *molto leggiero*. But one reason for that is that his father has been in his way an autocrat, and the Prince had no more chances under his father than as Prince of Wales, Edward VII had under Victoria, or Prince Hal under Henry IV. Besides the father, there was the open antipathy of Mussolini. Mussolini and the young Prince detested each other: yet to take arms against Mussolini was to forfeit the succession. For the fascists inserted in the constitution a power of veto over the new king. Prince Umberto could do nothing, and public opinion, though friendly to us, was with Mussolini, till the war became a disaster. The solution found has been adroit. The country now hopes for much from the Prince, though as he does not assume rule till we take Rome, he has time to prepare.

One problem remains: the Holy See. There can be little doubt that the British Government sees in the Church one of the most salutary influences in Italy. But even in it there is a complication; for the Vatican made its

arrangements with the fascists ; and their policy, for the very reason that it grew out of patriotism, and took a philosophy where it could find it, developed theories much closer to those of the Church than Britain has been willing to realise. Salvemini and La Piana are right. The truth is, *pace* Dr Binchy, that those who accuse the Catholic Church of having fascist sympathies are nearer the truth than those who expect her to support a return to freemasonry, to faked parliaments, or to the opportunities of making money quickly which led to crime and corruption. In settling Italy we should not leave too much tether to finance. We have already seen the *mafiale* arise to thrive on the black market.

The chief work of fascism has in fact been that economic organisation which we have in war adopted, and from which we cannot be free till all men are guaranteed their personal minimum from the sufficiency the world produces.

To say that the Germans have behaved abominably does not mean that we have succeeded or that our plan to replace theirs is ready and is sound. Nothing could have helped us less in winning the war and winning the peace than to find ourselves in Italy unable to conquer the Germans, unwilling to encourage the extreme left, and unprepared to accord diplomatic recognition to the government which had come over to us. The ineffectiveness was so extensive that, by way of showing it up, Moscow, in impatience and without consulting us, accorded to the King the recognition that we withheld. Russia's discipline over her partisans is good : in one day the Communists became Monarchists, and cut the thin sinews of Republicanism.

If our policy in Italy failed to receive an encomium from Moscow, we can hardly expect it to win entire approval from the Pope whose appeal we disregarded at Monte Cassino. The Vatican's view is this : that the man whom we used to jockey Italy into one war became, in the next, an instrument to plague us ; that Italy should not have gone to war either in 1915 or in 1940 ; that she was dragged in against her interest first on our side ; then, for the wheel circled, against us ; that perhaps as we failed to reward her friendship, we shall forgive her hostility.

But we cannot afford to ignore either her strategic position in the Mediterranean, or the contributions that in the meantime the mottled genius of her blacksmith leader or the luminous counsels of her chief bishops have made to the history of Italy and the history of the world. For there, as everywhere, while we confront the issues of revolution, our philosophy is still uncertain, our parties diverse, we still have much to learn; and Count Sforza is right when he points out that, in spite of adversities, the genius of Italy rises again and again and offers to the world the tradition of her civilising genius.

The trouble with Mussolini is that his moral society did not rise to the vigour of his ability. Among Italian democrats we shall certainly find less ability; but this does mean that we shall certainly find more morals.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

#### Art. 2.—PALESTINE AND THE JEWISH FUTURE.

THE ten-year plan for Palestine laid down by the White Paper of May 1939 has now run half its course, and a stage has therefore been reached at which it is appropriate to review the events that led to its enactment, to consider its effects, and to discuss its future. An examination of the problems involved is all the more necessary because they vitally affect the welfare of the Jewish people, which has suffered in this war the greatest tragedy in its history, and because their satisfactory solution will form no small factor in the creation of the better world for which the United Nations are fighting. The White Paper was the culminating act in a succession of promises, proposals, and policies since the issue of the Balfour Declaration, and its significance can be best understood in the light of that historic pledge.

The declaration of the British Government in favour of the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people was made at a critical juncture in the First World War. It was prompted by a twofold motive: to help the Jews to achieve their national aspiration—the

return to their ancestral land—and thus contribute to the alleviation of Jewish suffering in Central and Eastern Europe; and to rally the sympathy and support of the Jews in all neutral countries, especially America, which had not yet entered the war. It is generally acknowledged that the Jews furnished the desired response in adequate measure. The Mandate for Palestine was conferred upon Great Britain in order that she should fulfil her promise, and the text of that instrument recognised the historic connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and 'the grounds for reconstituting their national home in that country.' Since the main purpose of the Mandate has sometimes been questioned, two undisputed authorities may be cited. The Palestine Royal Commission stated: 'Unquestionably, the primary purpose of the Mandate, *as expressed in its preamble and its articles*, is to promote the establishment of the Jewish National Home.'\* This view was stressed much earlier, and in even more decisive terms, on behalf of the Mandatory Government itself. For at the meeting of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, held in October 1925, the then Colonial Secretary, Mr Ormsby-Gore (now Lord Harlech) said: 'The Commission should remember that it was, after all, the Balfour Declaration which was the reason why the British Government is now administering Palestine.'†

No definition of 'National Home' was given at the time the Declaration was issued, but various authoritative statements were made indicating that it foreshadowed the ultimate development of a self-governing Commonwealth. President Wilson, who had been consulted on its terms, said on March 3, 1919: 'I am persuaded that the Allied Nations, with the fullest concurrence of our Government and people, are agreed that in Palestine shall be laid the foundations of a Jewish Commonwealth.'‡ General Smuts, who had been a member of the Imperial War Cabinet responsible for the Declaration, speaking at Johannesburg on Nov. 3, 1919, foretold an increasing

\* Palestine Royal Commission's Report, pp. 38-39. The italics are in the original.

† Minutes of the Seventh Session, 1925, VI. C.P.M. 328, p. 111.

‡ David Lloyd George, 'The Truth about the Peace Treaties,' vol. II, p. 1140.

stream of Jewish immigration into Palestine and 'in generations to come a great Jewish State rising there once more.\* Mr Winston Churchill envisaged 'in our own lifetime by the banks of the Jordan a Jewish State under the protection of the British Crown, which might comprise three or four millions of Jews.† Lord Robert (now Viscount) Cecil, a member of the Cabinet at the time, addressing a great demonstration in London on Dec. 2, 1917, said: 'Our wish is that Arabian countries shall be for the Arabs, America for the Americans, and Judæa for the Jews.' And Mr Lloyd George, who was Prime Minister at the time, stated in evidence before the Palestine Royal Commission:

'... It was contemplated that when the time arrived for according representative institutions to Palestine, if the Jews had meanwhile responded to the opportunity afforded them by the idea of a national home and had become a definite majority of the inhabitants, then Palestine would thus become a Jewish Commonwealth.'‡

Leading British newspapers gave a similar interpretation.

In practice, however, the scope of the pledge was gradually whittled down. Although it had originally been understood that the National Home was to be established on both sides of the Jordan, the land on the east of the River, forming two-thirds of Biblical Palestine, was detached in 1921 to constitute a purely Arab preserve and placed under the rule of Emir Abdullah, a son of Hussein, King of the Hedjaz. It was officially explained that this separation of Transjordan was in accordance with the promise of independence to certain Arab territories, made in 1915 by Sir Henry McMahon to Hussein (then Sherif of Mecca), but it is noteworthy that this revelation was not made until Abdullah was on the march against Syria, from where his brother Feisal had been ejected by the French. Twelve months later the Churchill White Paper prescribed that Jewish immigration even into Western Palestine must be regulated in accordance with the economic absorptive capacity of that area. The Jews had no alternative but to acquiesce, and were mollified by the assurance that they were in Palestine

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\* 'The Zionist Bulletin,' Dec. 10, 1919.

† 'Illustrated Sunday Herald,' Feb. 8, 1920.

‡ Report, p. 24.

'as of right and not on sufferance.'\* But the Arabs repeatedly challenged this right, even though they greatly benefited by its exercise, and reinforced their protests at intervals with outbreaks of violence, of which the Mufti of Jerusalem was the instigator.

The Government regularly responded with the despatch of Commissions of Inquiry, but their reports and recommendations did little to effect an improvement. After the disorders of 1929 the Government issued the Passfield White Paper, which foreshadowed fresh restrictions in regard to the immigration of Jews and threatened them with an embargo on further purchases of land. This document was so strongly attacked in Parliament and aroused such world-wide criticism that it was superseded in 1931 by a letter from the Prime Minister (Mr Ramsay MacDonald) to the President of the Jewish Agency, which stated that 'the obligation to facilitate Jewish immigration and to encourage close settlement by Jews on the land remains a positive obligation of the Mandate.' The complaint of the Arabs that they had been displaced by Jews from their lands led to an official investigation, which showed that over a period of twelve years only 656 Arabs, mostly tenants, had been displaced. The Government thereupon offered holdings on its estates to these Arabs, and all who were willing to take them up were accommodated before the end of 1934.† Nevertheless, renewed Arab outrages broke out in 1936 on a far larger and more destructive scale than before, accompanied by a threefold demand to stop Jewish immigration, to prohibit the sale of land to Jews, and to create a 'National Representative Government.' The Royal Commission, which investigated the disorders, recommended the partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab State, with part of the country to remain under a British Mandate; but the Partition Commission that followed in 1938 reported that neither the scheme of the Royal Commission nor any other was practicable. Thereupon the Government held conferences with Jewish and Arab representatives at St James's Palace

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\* Command Paper 1700 (1922), p. 19.

† Palestine Government Report for 1934, p. 57. Only about 100 displaced Arab families availed themselves of the Government's offer, and, according to the Report for 1937, about 50 of them had 'deserted the settlement and are engaged, for the most part, in other than agricultural work.'



for the purpose of reaching an agreed settlement, and as these discussions proved abortive, and the clouds of war were already gathering, the Government published a White Paper setting forth their new policy.

The principal proposals of this document were that Palestine should be made an independent state within ten years; that 75,000 Jewish immigrants (including 25,000 refugees) would be admitted over the next five years, so as to bring the Jewish population up to approximately one-third of the total population; that after these five years no further Jewish immigration would be admitted unless the Arabs acquiesced; and that the transfer of land to Jews was to be prohibited in certain areas and 'regulated' in others. The reasons given by the Government for this radical change of policy were twofold: they could not allow the indefinite expansion of the Jewish National Home by immigration, since this would mean rule by force, and they were charged 'to secure the development of self-governing institutions.' The first reason clearly implied a surrender to Arab violence, which had afflicted the country for three years. The revolt had not been a genuine national uprising, but a guerilla warfare waged with the aid of foreign money and alien mercenaries, and the terrorists had killed far more Arabs opposed to the Mufti than Jews. The assistance provided from Italian and German sources was a matter of common knowledge. There was an Arab propaganda bureau in Berlin, and a Palestine Arab delegation had attended the Nazi rally at Nuremberg in September 1938.

The other reason given for the new policy—the obligation 'to secure the development of self-governing institutions'—was likewise void of justification. The Government had repeatedly rejected the suggestion that the McMahon letters to the Sherif Hussein had contained a promise of independence to the Arabs of Palestine. Their view was supported not only by all the surviving officials (including Sir Henry McMahon) who had been concerned with the correspondence, and by the late Colonel T. E. Lawrence himself,\* but also by the declara-

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\* 'It is my deliberate opinion that the Winston Churchill settlement of 1921-1922 (in which I shared) honourably fulfils the whole of the promises we made to the Arabs, in so far as the so-called British spheres are concerned' (from a letter to Professor William Yale, dated Oct. 22, 1929, in 'The Letters of T. E. Lawrence,' edited by David Garnett, p. 345. Cape, 1938).



tions made at the Peace Conference by the official Arab delegations. Feisal, the head of the Hedjaz Delegation, 'asked for the independence of the Arabic areas enumerated in his memorandum,' but expressly excepted Palestine;\* and Chekri Ganem, head of the Syrian Delegation, said that the Zionists could settle in Palestine and 'if they form the majority there, they will form the rulers.† Neither of them made any reference to the McMahon correspondence. The decision to give the Arabs the benefit of self-governing institutions was based upon a few words in Article 2 of the Mandate, which reads as follows:

'The Mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National home, as laid down in the preamble, and the development of self-governing institutions, and also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race and religion.'

The wording of the middle part of this Article, as provisionally agreed upon between the Zionist Organisation and the Political Section of the British Peace Delegation at the beginning of 1919, was 'secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the development of a self-governing Commonwealth.' It was obviously intended to mean that the National Home was to develop into a self-governing Commonwealth; but over three years elapsed before the final text of the Mandate was fixed, and by then the promise held out concerning the ultimate status of the National Home was whittled down to self-governing institutions. It was this phrase that was used as the justification for the proposed establishment of an independent Palestine with a two-thirds Arab majority. The Arabs were thus to be given the State that had never been promised to them, at the expense of the Jews, to whom it had been promised.

Although the White Paper virtually conceded the main demands of the Arab leaders, they rejected it because its provisions were not to be put into effect immediately.

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\* D. Hunter Miller, 'My Diary at the Conference of Paris,' vol. xiv, p. 230.

† Ibid., pp. 389-413.

It was rejected by the Jews too, on the ground that it constituted a flagrant breach of the Balfour Declaration and a violation of all the articles of the Mandate relating to the National Home, and because it would doom the Jews in Palestine to remain a minority in permanent subjection to the Arab majority. The White Paper was severely criticised in both Houses of Parliament by members of all parties, and particularly by two former Colonial Secretaries, Mr Winston Churchill and Mr Amery. Mr Churchill stigmatised it as 'a plain breach of a solemn obligation,' as 'another Munich,' and as 'a lamentable act of default,' and he gave emphatic expression to his indignation by saying: 'We are now asked to submit—and this is what rankles most with me—to an agitation which is fed with foreign money and ceaselessly inflamed by Nazi and Fascist propaganda.' Mr Amery said that he could never hold up his head if he voted for it. Mr Herbert Morrison called it 'a cynical breach of pledges given to the Jews and the world, including America' and 'a breach of British honour,' and he warned the Chamberlain Government that 'this document will not be automatically binding upon their successors in office, whatever the circumstances of the time may be.'

When the document was submitted in August 1939 to the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, the Commission unanimously declared that 'the policy set out in the White Paper was not in accordance with the interpretation which in agreement with the Mandatory Power and the Council, the Commission had always placed upon the Palestine Mandate.' Owing to the outbreak of war there was no meeting of the Council of the League to consider the Commission's report, and consequently the White Paper did not receive the Council's approval necessary for its legal validity. Nevertheless, the Government immediately began to apply its provisions in regard to Jewish immigration into Palestine by imposing drastic reductions. Moreover, on Feb. 28, 1940, the Government enacted new regulations in regard to the sale and transfer of land. The country west of the Jordan was divided into three zones: in one the sale of land by Arabs to Jews was prohibited, in the second it was restricted, while only in the third—limited to 5 per cent. of Western Palestine—was it free. If we compare this

puny area within which Jews are free to acquire land with the extent of the territory envisaged by the Balfour Declaration, we have a true measure of the whittling down of that historic promise. For, as the Royal Commission observed, the area in which the National Home was to be established was originally understood to be 'the whole of historic Palestine,' which included Transjordan,\* and it had been the definite intention of the Government to establish a Jewish State.† The vision of a Jewish State on both sides of the Jordan thus shrank into a 'Pale of Settlement' only one-sixtieth of the original area.

The disappointment aroused among the Jews by the White Paper was aggravated by the tragedies caused by its enforcement, for it denied the Jewish victims of Nazi persecution their natural asylum at the very time when they were in need of it most. The White Paper was responsible for such unnecessary disasters as the sinking of the *Patria* off Haifa and of the *Struma* off Istanbul, with the loss of over one thousand lives; for the deportation of 1,750 Jewish refugees to Mauritius Island; and for the internment of hundreds of others at Atlit. It has deprived Palestine of tens of thousands of Jews, who, despite the strict watch kept by the Nazis, could have reached their National Home during the past four years, and would have constituted a considerable addition to the military and the economic forces at the disposal of the British Army. The exclusion of these fugitives could not be reconciled with the provision of the White Paper for the admission of 25,000 refugees, apart from considerations of humanity.

Despite their bitter disillusionment, the Jews in Palestine have made a substantial contribution to the war effort, of which only the barest outline can be given here. Out of a population of about 540,000, they have furnished over 21,000 volunteers for the various branches of the British defence forces—the Army, the Air Force, and the Navy—in the Near and Middle East, besides some 3,000 women and girls for the Palestinian A.T.S., and nearly 6,000 men for the Auxiliary Police. The great majority of the Jewish soldiers are serving in 60 Jewish units, with

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\* Report, p. 38.

† Ibid., p. 24.

over 300 Jewish officers. They have fought on several fronts—from Egypt to Tunisia, in Abyssinia and Eritrea, in Greece, in Syria, and in Italy. In the battles on the Egyptian frontier in 1942 Jewish units of the Royal Engineers and of the Transport Companies played an important part in carrying troops to the forward battle areas, in constructing fortified strong points at El Alamein, and in laying mine-fields. The first Camouflage Company of the Eighth Army, consisting mainly of Palestinian Jews, was mentioned in despatches by General Montgomery and praised by Mr Churchill. Among many Jewish casualties the most notable was Brigadier Frederick H. Kisch, C.B.E., D.S.O., Chief Engineer of the Eighth Army. In Abyssinia Palestinian Jews formed the majority of the 'suicide squads,' who demolished enemy fortifications at night and brought back valuable information. In the opening of the campaign against Syria fifty young Jewish settlers, with a perfect knowledge of the local country and of Arabic, accompanied the Australian vanguard, to whom they rendered valuable services as guides and behind the lines. One Jewish company, which undertook a particularly daring task, was wiped out.\* General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who was in charge of the expedition, stated that 'he much appreciated the assistance rendered by Jews in this campaign.' The Jews of Palestine have also made valuable contributions in the scientific, technical, and economic fields. The laboratories and scientific staff of the Hebrew University and of the Haifa Technical Institute have been placed at the disposal of the military authorities. A pharmaceutical factory has been established to provide indispensable drugs, and an economical technique has been devised for fighting typhus. Of the 2,000 factories and workshops owned by Jews, including metal, electrical, steel-smelting, timber, textile, leather, cement, diamond-polishing, and optical works, a large number are devoted to the war effort. The two leading industrial concerns due especially to Jewish enterprise are the Palestine Electric Corporation and the Potash Works: the latter has converted the Dead Sea into the principal source of potash for the British Empire.

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\* 'The Times,' March 4, 1943.

When the Colonial Secretary, in February 1940, solicited Parliament's approval of the new Palestine land regulations, he said that it was necessary 'to enable us to mobilise our forces to prosecute to a victorious conclusion the war against Nazi Germany.' This seemed to suggest that as soon as the regulations were passed, hosts of Arabs would flock to fight under the British flag. No such response has been made. Out of 1,000,000 Arabs (that is, twice the size of the Jewish population) the total number who have volunteered (for conscription is forbidden by the Mandate) is 8,700 men, not all of whom have fought. The overwhelming majority of the Arabs in Palestine have taken up the passive attitude adopted by those in the neighbouring countries. Representatives from Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, the Yemen, and Transjordan, took part in the conferences at St James's Palace in 1939, although none of these states have any right to be consulted on the affairs of Palestine, because the British Government wished to make them parties to the desired settlement and thus ensure their loyal support in the event of war. The White Paper was designed to win their favour. Time has shown how they have responded to this policy of appeasement. In Iraq the Mufti of Jerusalem, after fleeing to Baghdad from his refuge in Beyrout, plotted a pro-Nazi rising with the treacherous Premier, Raschid Ali, which had to be suppressed by a British expedition, and the conspirators thereupon escaped to Germany to continue in Hitler's service. In Egypt the former Premier, Ali Maher Pasha, had to be interned 'for reasons relating to the safety and security of the State,' and hundreds of other Egyptians, including army officers, were arrested for alarmist or subversive activity. Not one of the Arab States is fighting on the side of the United Nations, not one offered the least help when Rommel's forces threatened to break through at El Alamein. Yet no sooner were the Axis armies driven out of North Africa than these States began to hold conferences in Cairo to discuss Arab union, which the Axis would never have allowed. Owing to rivalry for political leadership they have reached no decision, but there is one question on which they are agreed—Palestine. They wish to hold a Pan-Arab Congress attended by Palestinian representatives, and the two delegates whose participation

they want are Jamal Hussein and Amin Tamimi. Their choice is ominous, for these two men have been interned in Rhodesia by the British Government as accomplices of the Mufti in the Baghdad plot.

It was laid down in the White Paper that after the expiry of five years 'no further Jewish immigration would be permitted unless the Arabs of Palestine are prepared to acquiesce in it.' That proviso will not be observed, as the Colonial Secretary announced in the House of Commons on Nov. 10, 1943, that of the 75,000 Jews to be admitted there were still 31,000 to come and it would only be just to withdraw the time-limit for their admission. Whether, after the complete quota has been reached, no further Jewish immigration will be allowed without Arab assent, is to say the least, extremely doubtful. Since the Government have repeatedly stressed their concern for Hitler's victims and their wish to save them, it is difficult to believe that they would allow their work of rescue to be curbed or thwarted by others. Nor is it easy to conceive how, under the authority of a Government, whose Prime Minister and other leading members have denounced the White Paper in the strongest terms, the policy that it embodies can be upheld. It would seem logical, that just as the Munich Agreement itself has been formally repudiated by the British Government, the White Paper too should be repudiated. In any case it lacks legality. The position of Britain, in the event of her departing from her obligations under the Mandate, was dealt with frankly by the Prime Minister himself on a previous occasion. For in his devastating criticism of the Passfield White Paper, which was by no means so revolutionary, Mr Churchill said in the House of Commons on Nov. 2, 1930 :

'No one could claim that the British nation is bound for all time, irrespective of events or of their own physical and moral strength, to pursue the policy of establishment of the Jewish National Home. But from the moment that we recognise and proclaim that we have departed from these undertakings and are regarding the Zionist cause as a mere inconvenient incident in the Colonial Office administration of Palestine, we are bound to return our Mandate to the League of Nations and forgo the strategic, moral, and material advantages arising from the British control of, and association with the Holy Land.'



This argument still holds good, even if the League is reorganised after the war or replaced by another international authority. It may, therefore, reasonably be presumed that when the war is over there will be a revision of the present policy, doubtless in concert with the other United Nations.

In anticipation of this event, the Zionist Organisation has formulated its own policy. It urges that 'the gates of Palestine be opened, that the Jewish Agency be vested with the control of immigration into Palestine and with the necessary authority for the upbuilding of the country, including the development of its occupied and unoccupied lands; and that Palestine be established as a Jewish Commonwealth integrated in the structure of the new democratic world.' This policy is a demand not for anything new, but for the realisation of the idea contemplated when the Balfour Declaration was issued. It is a demand not for the creation of a Jewish Commonwealth immediately after the war, but for such changes of administration in regard to immigration and land development as will facilitate its creation. It is based upon the conviction that the only cure for the homelessness of the Jew is a State of his own, which has been rendered more necessary than ever by the terrible catastrophe in Europe. It is impossible to form an estimate now of the number of Jews who will survive Hitler's mania for extermination, since that will depend upon the duration of the war, but if we assume that of the eight millions who have fallen into his clutches in all Nazi-dominated countries at least half will escape massacre, a goodly proportion of these will doubtless wish, as soon as the war is over, to get away from the scenes of torture and slaughter that they have endured so long. Those who have been deported from Western to Eastern Europe may probably want to return to their homes, where, it may be reasonably expected, they will be assured conditions of safety by the Governments returned from exile. But there will probably be some two or three millions in Eastern and Central Europe who will wish to emigrate. To what lands can they go? At the Evian Conference, held in 1938, over twenty Governments seriously discussed the problem of finding territories for the victims of Hitler's fury, but without achieving anything of practical con-



sequence. The investigations made into the possibilities of Jewish settlements in British Guiana and San Domingo have yielded disappointing results, and protracted inquiries in Australia have also not produced any definite prospects. Sympathisers may point optimistically to the vast spaces in South America and Africa, but unfortunately most of the states in the former are opposed to immigration and infected with Nazi Anti-Semitism, while the tropical regions of the latter are unsuitable. Some oversea countries may indeed welcome a limited number of refugees, but the total likely to be admitted, in view of post-war economic conditions, will be only a fraction of the myriads anxious to emigrate; and it can hardly be hoped that any new project, even if found practicable and adequately financed, would be able to provide homes for a substantial number of Jews, at least for some years to come.

Palestine will thus inevitably be called upon to play a leading part in salvaging the remnant of European Jewry. The plea that the country can no longer receive large numbers, or that the Arabs would thereby suffer, is unfounded. The same objection was raised fifteen years ago, yet continued Jewish immigration resulted in improving the social and economic conditions of the Arabs to such an extent that many thousands of Arabs from the neighbouring lands were attracted to Palestine.\* The potential limits of the country's absorptive capacity are far greater than is commonly believed, but, to be realised, its large unoccupied areas, including the Negev, must be cultivated and an extensive scheme of industrial and agricultural development carried out. Such a plan, conceived on the bold lines that distinguish the Tennessee Valley Authority, has been worked out by Dr Walter C. Lowdermilk, of the United States Agricultural Department, a leading expert on soil conservation. It aims at the reclamation of the whole of the Jordan Valley by means of canals, drainage, irrigation, the development of

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\* 'According to an authoritative estimate as many as ten or eleven thousand Hauranis may go to Palestine temporarily in search of work in a really bad year' (Report of Palestine Royal Commission, p. 292). The number of Arabs from Syria and Transjordan in Palestine in 1934 was estimated at over 20,000 (Journal of the Royal Central Asian Society, October 1936).

industries by cheap power, the improvement of agriculture, the increased extraction of minerals from the Dead Sea, and the provision of additional transport facilities. Dr Lowdermilk claims that the execution of this scheme, which would need the financial aid of some international body as well as of the Jewish people, would enable the country to accommodate over 5,000,000 people.\* Remarkable though this figure may seem, it recalls the fact that that was the extent of the population of Palestine at the end of the period of the Second Temple.† There is thus no fear that the Arabs would be crowded out: on the contrary, they would benefit enormously by the economic prosperity that would result and a powerful impetus would be given to progress, so long overdue, throughout the Near and Middle East.

The fundamental question upon which a decision must be taken is the political future of Palestine, and that decision will probably not be taken until after the war. Of the elder statesmen who spoke in favour of a Jewish State over twenty-five years ago, Viscount Cecil has recently expressed himself again in a similar sense. 'As things have gone,' he has written, 'I am convinced it would be a better plan now to follow the advice of the Peel Commission and set up an unambiguous Jewish State, with all the precautions for the protection of other nationalities within it.'‡ The Arabs should certainly feel much more assured in such a State, in which they would enjoy civil equality and perfect respect for their language, religion, and culture, than the Jews (with their memories of the past disorders in Palestine and of the massacre of the Assyrians in Iraq) could possibly feel in an Arab State. In the United States, which is likely to play a part in determining the question, just as it did in settling the final text of the Mandate, there is an influential body of opinion in favour of a Jewish State. Last February a resolution was introduced by leaders of both parties in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, 'that the United States shall use its good offices and take

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\* A detailed description of the scheme is given in Dr Lowdermilk's recently published book, 'Palestine: Land of Promise' (Harper's, New York).

† Jean Juster, 'Les Juifs dans l'Empire Romain,' vol. i, p. 210.

‡ 'The Jewish National Home,' edited by Paul Goodman (Dent).

appropriate measures to the end that the doors of Palestine shall be opened for the free entry of Jews into that country, and that there shall be full opportunity for colonisation, so that the Jewish people may ultimately reconstitute Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth.' The Governments of Egypt, Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon, addressed protests against this resolution to the United States Government, but it would nevertheless have been passed but for the intervention of the War Department, which caused it to be shelved on military grounds. President Roosevelt, however, in a conference with the American Zionist leaders, Rabbi Stephen Wise and Dr Abba H. Silver, authorised them to say that 'the American Government has never given its approval to the White Paper of 1939,' that he was 'happy that the doors of Palestine are to-day open to Jewish refugees,' and that 'when future decisions are reached full justice will be done to those who seek a Jewish national home.'

For the Jews Palestine is unquestionably of much more vital consequence than for the Arabs. The Jews are the only people who ever had a State in that country; from it they derived their nationhood; and solely because of what they wrought in it has the land preserved a permanent value for the civilised world. Despite the centuries of their dispersion, there were always Jews who lived there, while the hope that their national existence would one day be restored was a fundamental article of their faith. As for the Arabs, they neither owe their status as a nation to Palestine, nor did they ever have a State in it. Of the thirteen centuries during which they have lived in it, they were independent only from the seventh to the eleventh century, but they had no self-government, as Palestine formed the southern part of Syria, which was subject to foreign Arab rulers. Jerusalem was never a recognised centre of Arab culture like Cairo or Baghdad, nor did it rank as high in the Islamic world as Mecca and Medina. Palestine forms less than one per cent. of the total area of Arabic-speaking lands in Asia, and its Arab population is only two per cent. of the whole Arab race, which has six States of its own. To the Arabs, therefore, Palestine is but a tiny fraction of the vast and largely unoccupied territories, in which they are free to increase and develop for ages to come. To the Jews, however,

it is the only land in which they can again build up their national existence. In the measureless calamity that has stricken them, their only solace is the hope that when, after these years of slaughter, the day of settlement comes, they will at length experience the great act of historic reparation for which they have prayed throughout the centuries.

ISRAEL COHEN.

#### Art. 3.—COAL AND ITS PRODUCERS IN WAR-TIME.

ON the home front in Britain the most outstanding and vexatious problem in the turmoil of this world war is coal production and fuel economy. Exports of coal had dwindled in 1940 almost to vanishing-point; but since then the constantly increasing demand for home use became greater than the supply. Even in 1941 the situation had become serious, and the Secretary for Mines appealed to the War Cabinet for the return of the necessary miners who had joined the armed forces; but the appeal fell on deaf ears. In view of this, all sorts of devices were adopted to induce the miners to put forth their best efforts. Wage increases were granted which by January 1944 had reached 65 per cent. above the wages of 1939, although the cost of living index figures show an increase of only 30 per cent. in the same time. Extra rations, extra coupons, coupon-free wearing apparel, additional meals at colliery canteens were added incentives. Absenteeism without reasonable cause became a serious offence, and harsh sentences—in fines and imprisonment—were, and are being, inflicted. All to little purpose, production could hardly meet the demand. The Secretary for Mines, finding that his appeals and warnings were scantily heeded by the Government, should have resigned in protest. Instead, he continued in office, nursing a forlorn hope until in March 1942 the Government began to take notice. The Beveridge and Tallents 'points' scheme of fuel rationing was disclosed in April, but met with such opposition that it was shelved in favour of a modified voluntary rationing plan put forward early

in June in a White Paper. In this the Government proposed to set up a Ministry of Fuel and Power. Increased production was to be attained by means of new machinery comprising :—(a) a Controller-General assisted by Directors for production, labour, services, and finance ; (b) a National Coal Board with the Minister as chairman, for planning production on a large scale, with Regional Controllers and their staffs for each coalfield ; thus making up a large \* and costly personnel. These proposals were approved by Parliament on June 11, and on the 13th the Ministry of Fuel and Power came into being.

The Secretary for Mines (D. R. Grenfell) was relieved of office and his place was taken by Major G. Lloyd George as Minister of Fuel and Power. Mr Grenfell was the only Secretary for Mines who possessed an extensive knowledge of practical mining. He was no square peg in a round hole. None of his nine predecessors who had occupied the post since its establishment in 1920 had personal knowledge of mining, being lawyers and retired soldiers and sailors, with a cloth weaver and a Marine Workers' Union organiser thrown in. Major Lloyd George is no exception and, like the others, underwent his initiation into mining by visits to selected collieries, meeting the directors, descending the mines, being photographed in pit garb, listening to and delivering speeches, together with the other pleasantries inseparable from such tours. This is no cheap gibe at the Minister ; he had assumed supreme charge of a difficult situation in an environment that was new and strange to him. But at least his good star favoured him for we find a sudden awakening, in Parliament, in the press and the B.B.C., to the gravity of the coal situation. Ministers of the various departments jostled one another in their haste to pledge themselves to fullest support of, and render all possible assistance to, the new Minister. Noble lords suddenly discovered how to light a fire with almost nothing, and how to maintain the necessary heat on very little more. As was only proper, they proceeded forthwith to instruct, via the press and the air, housewives who knew many times better how to economise in fuel, having had to study the question of its cost all their

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\* Major Lloyd George on Feb. 13, 1943, gave the figure as 12,000.

lives. And ever since the Ministry of Fuel and Power was instituted we have been nagged with 'Fuel flashes' on the air by all sorts of people, many of them more voluble than convincing. Thirteen million questionnaires, notwithstanding paper shortage, were sent to householders all over the country. Failure to supply the required information incurred a heavy penalty. All sorts of projects for the reduced consumption of gas and electricity have been advanced, and the matter became a favourite theme with those afflicted by *Cacoëthes scribendi*. Many people became snoopers and spied upon their fellows, reporting cases where in their opinion more lights and heating were used than necessary; all of which meant increased work for lawyers and magistrates, and a welcome flow of fines into the Exchequer.

In spite of all these efforts the production and saving problem remained unsatisfactory, and it was then proposed to create another class of officer who would be empowered to visit people's homes and inspect their meters, their fires, and their coal reserves; and generally to report how far they conformed with the order to economise, with the possibility of prosecution if in the view of this new department they have fallen short in this aspect of the war effort. Waste, except in the Services, was made a punishable offence.

To meet a claim by the Miners' Federation for a large advance in wages the Government set up a tribunal with Lord Greene as chairman to consider the wages issue and other matters. The tribunal reported on June 19, 1942, recommending an immediate advance of 2s. 6d. per shift for all workers over 21 and for underground workers between 18 and 21, with a less amount for the younger ones. In addition, a national minimum for all workers over 21 at the rate of 83s. per week for underground work and 78s. per week for surface work, including allowances. In a later report the Greene tribunal recommended the adoption of a bonus to be paid to all workers when production exceeded a predetermined standard output for the district. All these recommendations were put into operation immediately, and the price of coal was increased by 3s. per ton.

With the advent of 1943 consumers were restricted to a quota of about one-half the normal consumption, and



another 1s. per ton was charged for the coal, whose quality deteriorated steadily as prices increased. Miner householders remain unaffected either in quantity of coal supplied or the price charged for it, which ranges for them from free coal to about one-fifth or one-sixth of the cost to other consumers. On Feb. 1, 1944, a further rise of 3s. per ton took place, making a total increase of 7s. per ton during the war.

The further restricting of coal to 5 cwt. per household per month since Jan. 1 of this year has produced a crop of proposals for further saving. A juggler with figures, who in all probability drew upon his imagination for his facts, computed that if only each household retired to bed half-an-hour earlier, about a million tons of coal could be saved. Another witless suggestion was that if the housewife saved just 5 lb. of coal a day from her quota, a saving of more than a million tons a year would result. Now 5 cwt. = 560 lb. and under present conditions it is safe to assert that at least 10 per cent. is refuse and unusable; leaving 16½ lb. a day, barely enough to keep even one fire going. And yet some ignorant critics suggest a further cut!!

It is perhaps reasonable to expect that the miners, on whom so much depends, are pursuing cheerfully and contentedly the even tenor of their way. Actually, the position is far from satisfactory. During the three years 1941-42-43 the wages bill has risen, the number of wage earners increased, but output has dropped. The Minister of Fuel and Power said recently: 'Men now in the industry (end of 1943) are producing about 200,000 tons a week less than they were at the end of 1942. Absenteeism has risen 2 per cent. and the output per man-shift has fallen by over ¾ cwt.' During 1943 there were 835 separate disputes in the industry, involving 295,000 workers in a loss of 890,000 working days; the figures for 1942 being 526, 252,000, and 840,000 respectively.

Why is the miner so unresponsive—so apathetic—on the question of increased output? His mode of life has hitherto been simple, and his pleasures few. Even these are now denied him, and to exhort him to greater effort on what he considers insufficient food is adding insult to injury. He is told to work without cease, without rest even for a day; holidays must, so far as possible, be



relegated to the background, because to win the war he must put forth still greater effort. All this and much more has been hurled at him by the stump-orators who have roamed the country at tremendous expense to tell the miner what he already knows—his duty. He is preached at by people, many of whom have no conception of the miner's point of view. If he conforms to their appeals, he is a fine fellow; should he decline, he is at once everything that is bad; a defeatist, a Quisling, or a Fifth-columnist. Even the London conference of October 1942, when nearly 3,000 representatives of the industry were addressed by the Prime Minister and others, proved abortive, involving as it did great expense, extra strain on transport, interruption of work, and loss of output; all to no good purpose except a pleasant break for the visitors. The miner needs no reminding that there is a war on, and he is not so sure that the promised paradise after the war will materialise. He has not forgotten the first great war and its aftermath; the mines decontrol early in 1921 which caused a disastrous stoppage lasting many months. How unemployment soared, and things went from bad to worse until they culminated in the great strike of 1926—the worst in history—during which the miner was described as something other than a hero, and the Miners' Federation as a menace, and holding up the country to ransom. The younger miners know of these hardships only by hearsay from their older kith and kin; but the facts have sunk deep and they fear that the same thing will happen again. This line of argument of the miner affords food for painful contemplation.

The latest claim to date for an increased wage was a demand for a minimum of 6*l.* per week for underground workers and 5*l.* 10*s.* per week for surface workers. The application, made to the Ministry of Fuel and Power and not to the coalowners, was referred to the National Reference Tribunal, of which the chairman was Lord Porter. The award, announced on Jan. 22, was a minimum wage of 5*l.* per week for underground and 4*l.* 10*s.* for surface workers.

To be awarded 5*l.* a week instead of the 6*l.* and 4*l.* 10*s.* a week instead of the 5*l.* 10*s.* demanded by the Federation was disappointing. The miners gave it a lukewarm reception which blossomed into open hostility when serious

anomalies in the wage rates were revealed. The trouble arose because the Porter award gave no benefit to anyone earning more than 5*l.* a week underground and more than 4*l.* 10*s.* a week on the surface; and so skilled workers, e.g. repairers, craftsmen, etc., found that under the award their unskilled assistants receive almost the same pay as themselves. For example, suppose a colliery repairer is paid a wage of 5*l.* 2*s.* a week and his assistant earned previously 4*l.* 8*s.* a week; the award brings the assistant's wages to 5*l.*, i.e. within 2*s.* a week of his master who is skilled and shoulders the responsibility. The piece-worker, e.g. the miner who is paid a tonnage rate, may earn anything from 5*l.* to 10*l.* and even more weekly. He does not benefit by the award unless, owing to abnormal conditions, his earnings may sometimes drop below 5*l.* Again, supposing he employs a helper on a weekly wage of 4*l.* 8*s.*, he must under the award pay him another 12*s.* to make his 5*l.*, which is now the minimum wage for all adult underground workers; so that the adult inexperienced 'Bevin boy' may in many cases receive as much pay as his master and guardian.

It is hardly credible that such crass stupidity of placing skilled and unskilled men on the same, or nearly the same, level of pay is possible; but that is the effect of the Porter award of Jan. 22, which has led to widespread disaffection throughout the country, accompanied by serious strikes in many districts. Strenuous efforts are now being made by the Ministry to rectify this blunder by providing the piece-worker with an additional \* payment 'which will be a real incentive to him to increase production.' The case of other skilled workers already above the 5*l.* minimum is also to be considered, and their pay increased.

The serious shortage of coal has given the Federation its opportunity. It cannot be gainsaid that, pursuing their advantages, the miners' leaders have put forward claims and forced concession after concession of all kinds; following each with pledges of loyalty and unremitting resolve to produce the coal necessary for the war effort. Credit is certainly due for their consistent appeals to the

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\* Major Lloyd George, stating the Government's proposals March 8.

workers to give of their best ; they have praised the men and, when there is a falling-off, admonition and even reprehension have not been withheld. But, just as consistently, they have warned the Government that unless their demands, of whatever kind, are met, the required supplies are unlikely to be forthcoming.

The Miners' Federation, with its strong representation in Parliament and backed by the National Council of Labour, is well aware of its power ; so also is the Government, which seems willy-nilly bound to give way to any demands on behalf of the miners. They, the miners, have now the whip hand just as in the first great war when they exacted their own terms and refused point-blank to work even the extra hour per week (sanctioned by the eight-hour Act in case of emergency) to increase the coal output ; when it was freely said of them that they held the nation to ransom. It is greatly to be hoped that what happened during the years 1917 to 1921 will not recur this time.

The State ownership of the coal mines is not a new idea. For more than fifty years it has been a hobby-horse of the miners' representatives, and during this war has been vigorously advocated as the panacea for the ills of the coal industry. The coal itself is now State-owned, having been acquired from the landowners for a sum of over 66½ millions. The further aim is to make all mines State-owned and all the employees State servants as, for instance, the postal workers and the police. The miners, we are told, dislike working to produce profit for the private owner ; but if privileged to work for the community would do so strenuously and happily. Mines under State ownership would be safer and healthier, and the miner, a State servant, would be assured of a regular and ample wage whatever the state of the market. In short, the State employee would be a contented worker serving a beneficent employer. This kind of chalk paradise has its fascinations, and its promoters see to it that the vision splendid shall not be obscured by the clouds of reality. Their advocacy would be more convincing were they to cite instances in proof of their assertion. Not one of them has been able to give a single example where State ownership of coal mines has provided increased wages and increased safety for the worker, with

fewer disputes and a bigger output. In point of fact the evidence is against State ownership from the economic standpoint; and even the enterprising and highly organised Germans found that State ownership (nationalisation) did not ensure better wages, greater safety, nor increased production. I give it as my opinion, based on intimate knowledge of mining and miners, that the average worker cares not a jot who his employer is, so long as conditions are not too bad and that his earnings are satisfactory. The clamour for nationalisation has abated somewhat since Mr Churchill, on Oct. 13, 1943, declared the matter to be controversial and declined to deal with it during the war. It will, however, reappear and become the basis for a battle-royal between the Government and the Federation.

With production declining, almost everybody has explanations to offer. Barring a few unbiassed observers, the reasons given depend on which side you favour. The miners blame the management and the management the miners; and unhappily there is at present a spirit far from harmonious in the coalfields. Incidents, trifling under normal conditions, are magnified to become grievances. There is some agreement that the working of the Essential Work Order and of pit production committees has intensified the trouble. This is what happens: If a manager dismisses a man—and this can only be for misconduct—an appeal against the dismissal makes it a suspension only. The Appeals Board hear the case, but, whatever their finding, it can be overridden by the National Service Officer, who almost invariably reinstates the man. When this is done the man must be paid for the whole time he has been idle, which may be several weeks. The men's representatives on the pit committees are often reluctant to rebuke laxity or irregularity on the part of their mates, and the men tend more and more to ignore orders and decisions of the committee. The colliery managers are goaded almost beyond endurance by committees, National Service Officers, controllers, investigation officers, together with the many forms and returns which they must submit to the Ministry. But worse than all this is the indiscipline in the mines. Here I touch more especially on those of South Wales. The worker is often a law unto himself, and an official asserting his authority

is met by abuse or, what may be less easy to bear, laughed at. Towards the end of 1943, South Wales managers resolved 'not to attend production committees unless the Ministry takes steps to restore discipline in the mines and require the managers' authority to be acknowledged.' This storm blew over eventually owing to the controller promising to put the situation clearly to the Minister and that discipline and authority must be restored. By contrast, the men are not backward in charging the management with an overbearing attitude.

Charges of *ca' canny*, i.e. 'go slow,' against miners have occupied the attention of coal controllers and police magistrates. It is a complaint difficult of cure. The men have now a guaranteed week, and provided they make themselves available for work they must be paid. Threats that unless the practice ceases the pits concerned will be closed and the men directed to other pits, have already \* been made. This would, if carried out, aggravate the evil. Shifting the guilty to another colliery may easily spread the infection. The miner will probably take his 'go easy' tactics with him and carry on as of old in his new surroundings. *Ca' canny* apart, the transference of miners from one coalfield to another, or from one district to another, is undesirable, being inimical to safety and prejudicial to output. A South Wales miner directed to the North Staffordshire steep seams, or a Somerset miner to the South Staffordshire thick coals, would feel quite lost and his worth as coal-getter much reduced. Even if shifted only a few miles to a colliery working similar seams under similar conditions, he needs time to fit himself in, his efficiency drops, and he may also have to incur travelling expenses to and from his work.

In the latter half of 1943 a proposal by the Minister of Labour to conscript boys of 16 to 18 for the mines proved decidedly unpopular, and it was dropped. But man-power was insufficient to maintain, much less increase, the output. The return of miners from the armed forces in any large numbers was firmly resisted by the War Office. And so, when Major Lloyd George in October declared in the House: 'The minimum of

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\* Thos. Hornsby, Fuel Controller, Durham, March 6.

720,000 men for the mines would have to be maintained,' the Minister of Labour (Mr E. Bevin) devised a scheme whereby he hoped to secure, by ballot of men between 18 and 25 years of age drawn from all classes, 30,000 additional workers in the mines by April 1944. These men will be 'directed'—euphemism for 'conscripted'—for mine work; they will undergo a strict medical examination and a course of training, in the first instance in classes and later in the mines. Large numbers are already in training at the various centres in the coal-fields, and it may be noted that some of the Bevin boys, as they are called, got the hang of things pretty quickly. Even before starting their training they struck for more pay; and what is more, got it without delay. We had the unedifying spectacle of the Minister of Labour, fearful of this hitch in his scheme at the outset, hastening to appease the new-comers and make them still more comfortable than he had already been at pains to do. One hopes that the venture will prove successful and that the huge bill to be met for medical examination and training\* will be justified. Nevertheless, it is questionable whether the presence of these amateurs in the mine will not be a greater hindrance than help. For these men are inexperienced and, by section 73 of the Coal Mines Act (1911), an inexperienced person working at the coal face must be in the charge of an experienced person who must not have in his care more than one such inexperienced person. The question of membership of the Federation has already engaged the attention of the Federation officials, who have informed the trainees that it is desirable and that they are expected to enrol. This dictum may cause umbrage; it being probable that most of them will leave the mines after the war, and also because according to Lord Munster, replying to a question in the House of Lords, 'men conscripted for the mines are not obliged to join a trade union.'

Twenty-five years ago Sir Richard Redmayne, one-time Chief Inspector of Mines, expressed himself thus: 'With every large increase in wages there is a drop in output per man per shift. The average miner works to attain a certain standard of comfort, and when that is

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\* Supervisors and trainers are paid from 12/ to 5/ per week and allowances.



attained he is satisfied. The higher the wages the less work is necessary to reach that standard.' The authenticity of the statement had already long been established, and without doubt it holds good to-day. Few comforts are now obtainable however much money is earned.

It has taken nearly two years to discover that fining and imprisonment of absentees fail to achieve their purpose. Fines of from five to fifteen pounds bred in the man a sense of being harshly treated, a feeling which was not conducive to greater effort on his part. Furthermore, commitment to gaol meant losing the offender's services in coal-getting for the period of his detention. Of late in some districts warning letters have been used and are said to have a good effect on absentees. Another device which gives promise is a fine, inflicted by the production committee, but subject to possible remission depending on the delinquent's satisfactory conduct in the ensuing six months. It should be noted that penalties of fines and imprisonment were not in vogue during the first great war.

A further example of mistaken policy is the feverish opening of pit-head canteens to meet the extra-food demands of the miners. At the beginning of Dec. 1943, 893 collieries had canteens covering 95 per cent. of the workers, and full meals were being served at 415 of these.\* To-day (Spring 1944) at least 1,000 canteens are in operation, covering nearly all the workers. And yet not more than a third of the miners use them. Therefore, either there is no real call for extra meals or the men dislike partaking of a canteen dinner. The Government fears granting the extra food to the miner's home; and this is where the shoe pinches. One is reminded of the Government's refusal to succour starving nations lest the enemy get hold of some of the food. There is less excuse for refusing the extra ration for the housewife to deal with.

An article such as this should not end without hints or suggestions which may be helpful in coping with the present exigency. What is there to say that has not already been said on numberless occasions? Let us summarise what is already known: (a) there is an in-

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\* Sir Frederick Sykes, Chairman Miners' Welfare Commission.



creasing demand for coal ; (b) there is a slight increase in man-power ; (c) more mining machinery is being introduced ; (d) output is dwindling ; (e) miners work the fewest hours of any manual workers ; (f) many comforts and privileges are accorded the miners, but the call is for more ; (g) pit-head canteens are not popular ; (h) Federation officials predict disaster and disclaim responsibility for any trouble following a failure of the Government to comply with their demands ; (i) sharp punishment of absentees has failed in its object ; (j) instructions given them by their leaders are openly flouted by the miners ; (k) discipline is at a discount.

It is undeniable that nerves have become strained and tempers frayed in this long-drawn-out struggle to meet war needs. A policy of appeasement and forbearance has become more than ever essential. Overbearing and bullying tactics cannot mend matters, and this applies to both sides of the industry. The average man, be he manager, workman, controller, statesman or what not is no saint, and innate human weakness reveals itself when the dice are loaded against him. In fact, there must be give and take on all sides and, so far as possible, a resolve to look for the good in the other fellow rather than lose time hunting for the blemishes.

Here are my suggestions : (1) Less, not more, machinery should be used, and a return—in part—to the former system of heading-and-stall work where two men or a man and boy worked comfortably without coal-cutter or conveyor. In 1900, 225 million tons of coal were produced in the British Isles,\* being an output of 288 tons per man employed per annum. Very little more than 1 per cent. was cut by machine and, so far as I know, hardly any was conveyed by machinery. To-day about 65 per cent. of the total output † is cut and conveyed by machinery, the amount per annum per man employed being about 286 tons. Fifty years ago my average fortnightly output was 36 to 40 tons of *large* coal, the difference depending on whether it was a 11-day or a 12-day ‡

\* The contribution from Ireland was practically negligible, being only  $\frac{1}{1000}$  part of the total of 225 million.

† About 203 million.

‡ In those days the first Monday of every month was a miner's holiday; known in South Wales as Mabon's day.

fortnight. This is no figment of the imagination, as any number of elderly colliers can testify from their own experience, and some of the pay tickets are still in my possession. The suggestion will be termed retrograde by many, but it cannot be denied that the coming of the machine has caused what was once a skilled craft to recede into the background in company with the experienced miner who took pride in his calling. (2) Increase the working hours to 50 per week. The miners complain that ageing of workers affects output. If this be true, an increase of one hour daily would enable the 'not so young' miner to do in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours what he is now hardly able to manage in  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Already the Minister has been asked whether a 5-day week of the same number of hours (i.e. 45) could be arranged. From this it may be inferred that a 9-hour shift is not impracticable. Add to this a 5-hour shift on Saturday and we have 50 hours weekly; an increase of 11 per cent. in hours with a possible increase of 5 or 6 per cent. in output. The extension of working hours is not favoured by the Federation, which is perhaps why it is never mentioned. (3) Reduce the miner-householders' coal allowance by one-half. Miners receive on an average ten tons of house coal per annum. By reducing this to five tons they would still be two tons yearly better off than the outsider; and on the assumption that about one in three of the total workers are householders, more than a million tons could be saved. The allowance being included in their contract of service, they should be reimbursed in money to the amount of their sacrifice. (4) Extra food required by the miners should be delivered to the home. (5) Deal with absentees at the pit and avoid bringing them into court. (6) Use prisoners of war for mine work. We are constantly told that the greater the supply of coal the sooner will the war end; something that most people long for, particularly prisoners of war. There are probably in this country many hundreds of enemy miners. North Italian miners are known to be first class, and the Germans are used to difficult and dangerous seams. These men, who must be fed and supervised, could produce coal and so hasten the day of their release. A welcome nest-egg would also be theirs by the time of their redemption. Objections, few of them valid, can be raised, e.g. safety

would be imperilled by ignorance of the language ; miners would object to work along with enemy prisoners in the pits because of possible sabotage and treachery. The language difficulty is easily bridged by translations of the mine regulations, and oral instructions by appointment of supervisors who know both languages. When British miners have protested against the presence in the pits of 'these d——d foreigners,' impartial inquiry later proved that the foreigners were not a source of danger, and that they were more conformable to discipline \* than the native element. The sabotage and treachery feared I dismiss after examination from all angles, and I would be glad if those who fear it would state how—in what way—enemy prisoners, even were they so inclined, could indulge in these activities. It is because I believe in using these people that I have put the matter in some detail.

A last word. As a certificated colliery manager I would have no hesitation in taking charge of a pit where only enemy prisoners are employed. There would be no strikes, and output would be helped to some extent.

DANIEL DAVIES.

#### Art. 4.—CHURCH UNION IN SOUTH INDIA.

IN the last quarter of a century amongst the Churches not in communion with the Church of Rome consciousness of the grievous scandal of Christian disunity, and of its paralysing effect upon work in the mission field, has been growing rapidly. And it is from abroad that there has emerged a proposed scheme of re-union admittedly the most interesting and daring in the history of this formidable problem. It is known as the Proposed Scheme of Church Union in South India.

In the part of India from which the scheme takes its name the Anglican dioceses of Madras, Dornakal, Tinnevely, Travancore, and Cochin, together with the South

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\* Report of J. M. Ronaldson, Chief Inspector of Mines, West Scotland (1900).

India United Church—a body comprising Presbyterians and Congregationalists—and the Methodist Church, are amongst the principal Christian agencies engaged in evangelistic effort, and it was representatives of the first two of these three Churches who in 1919 came together and expressed their sense of the disastrous consequences for the titanic task confronting them which resulted from the ecclesiastical divisions among themselves, divisions for which they were not responsible, had not created, and did not wish to perpetuate.

The outcome of this Conference in 1919 was a statement proposing a united Church based upon the common acceptance of

- (1) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing all things necessary to salvation.
- (2) The Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds.
- (3) The two Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

By 1925 the scheme had won the approval both of the Assembly of the South India United Church and of the Episcopal Synod of the Anglican Church in South India, and subsequently the Methodist Church also assented to it. Then in 1930 the proposal was submitted to the Lambeth Conference where it was warmly and sympathetically received.

'The Conference has heard with the deepest interest of the proposals for Church union in South India now under consideration . . . and expresses its high appreciation of the spirit in which the representatives of these Churches have pursued the long and careful negotiations.'

This welcome was surprising, for as Bishop Hensley Henson has told us in his Autobiography, 'a polemical literature of considerable extent had been produced, and many alarming prophecies of disruption had been made.' None the less the decisive vote of the Conference was unanimously favourable, and as such was a personal triumph for Archbishop Temple who had brought the proposals forward.

Since 1930 the scheme has undergone a constant and searching process of revision and redrafting, prompted by criticisms and suggestions directed from many quarters

towards the Joint Committee appointed by the several Indian Synods and Assemblies to be responsible for stating exactly the form in which final action might be taken by the Churches desirous of uniting. The inauguration of the union, which will concern some million Christians, is anticipated to take place this year.

If this be so then the first consequence of the act of union will be the creation of a new and single autonomous Church comprising, as we have seen, the Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Wesleyan Churches of the Southern portion of the Indian peninsula, which Church will operate as a distinct Province of the Universal Church for a period of thirty years, by the end of which time it is believed that the final value of the experiment as an abiding contribution towards Christian re-union will be able to be estimated aright.

But this separation on the part of the United Church does not imply secession, for as it was resolved at Lambeth in 1930 :

' It will have a very real intercommunion with the Churches of the Anglican Communion, though for a time that intercommunion will be limited in certain directions by their rules. Its Bishops will be received as Bishops by these Churches. Its episcopally ordained ministers—a continually increasing number—will be entitled under the rules to administer the Communion in the Churches of the Anglican Communion. Its communicants will be entitled to communicate with the Churches of the Anglican Communion, except in cases forbidden by the rules of those Churches. On the other hand no right to minister in the Churches of that Communion will be acquired by those ministers who have not been episcopally ordained.'

In brief, if formed, the United Church, temporarily at least, will not be part of the Anglican Communion, nor will the Church of England be in *full* communion with it ; but as the statement above says there will be a large measure of intercommunion. Thus the proposed scheme is not, as it is sometimes and rather mischievously suggested, a schismatic movement. Its promoters desire to end a schism, not to create a new one.

Here then we have a form of union purely local in character, and designed primarily to bring the Christian people of a specific geographical area, at present divided

and in competition one with another, into one body within which the different spiritual elements characteristic of each combining Church shall be preserved without being absorbed, and at the same time aiming ultimately at the union within the Church Universal of all who acknowledge the name of Christ.

'The Church of South India desires therefore, conserving all that is of spiritual value in its Indian heritage, to express under Indian conditions and in Indian forms the spirit, the thought, and the life of the Church Universal.'

The practical gains resulting from the scheme should it come into being would undoubtedly be immense, for in the mission field the divisions between the Churches with which we at home are familiar, and for the most part regard with complacency, create difficulties and confusions of the first magnitude both for the missionary and for the convert. It is quite possible as things are, we have been told, for three Indian Christians of the same family working in different districts to discover on returning home that they are unable ever to attend Communion together owing to the fact that one of them is an Anglican, another a Methodist, and the third a Congregationalist. To the Indian Christian such distinctions are morally confounding and mentally unintelligible. As an observer of the Indian scene has told us recently :

'The difficulties of the convert and the Indian Christian should be considered very sympathetically, and also humbly, for maybe the Westerner has much to learn from them. There is no doubt that the western pre-occupation with the ordering of the Church has led to a very sorry spectacle—large bodies of Christians very highly organised, each going its own way, each claiming, if not to be the only Church, at any rate to be the purest form of the Church. This division is particularly scandalous in a religion whose chief injunction is the love of the brethren, and many Indian Christians feel, quite naturally, that while they are grateful to the European or American missionary for bringing to them the knowledge of Christ, he has done them a great disservice in fastening upon them the denominational organisation of the West.'

But under the scheme before us it is laid down that all accredited ministers of the Word and Sacraments will be permitted to ministrates in any Church of the United Church, and similarly that all baptised Communicant



members of it will be at liberty to receive Communion when and wheresoever it is celebrated. Mere geography will no longer dictate whether worship is permissible or not. All churches will be in common. As the most recent and probably final declaration of the Joint Committee puts it:

'After union the Church will be a spiritual home for all those who have hitherto lived and worshipped in separation. There are differences of belief, of practice, of tradition, but all members will bring into the united Church whatever of value they have learned in their separate organisations. Each of these elements will find its proper and effective place and be an enrichment of the life of the united Church. That Church will be a fellowship, and in that fellowship every member will find such a spiritual atmosphere that he can worship God with added devotion and serve men with enlarged powers and opportunities. And only by this union will there be released those mighty forces which will deepen the spiritual life of the members of the united Church and increase their power for the evangelisation of India.'

That so novel and ambitious a plan should be subjected to criticism is not to be wondered at, and since the favourable acceptance of it at Lambeth in 1930 a quite considerable literature attacking the proposal from almost every angle has been forthcoming. Thus, the scheme has been described as 'only an elaborate artifice'; and as 'a pantomime horse.' The Draft Constitution it has been said, 'reads like the prospectus for a company flotation.' Such pertness, however, is of no consequence. The scheme is too portentous to be dismissed in an epigram. Other opposition indulges freely in gloomy prognostications of the disastrous consequences that might conceivably follow if the united Church were to become an established fact. Even veiled threats of secession are to be heard here and there. Again, not a little of the criticism directed against the scheme gives the impression of being hastily contrived for the occasion.

None the less, that a scheme so revolutionary in character should not go unchallenged, or that it should escape the criticism of minds just as profoundly perturbed by the scandal of Christendom's unhappy divisions as are the creators of the scheme themselves, is both necessary and right.



And objections from responsible quarters have been numerous and formidable. To specify them all in a short article is impossible, especially as they involve matters of notorious doctrinal and theological difficulty. One such matter, however, must be mentioned here as it is perhaps the chief centre of controversy in respect to the plan for South India. It is that of the Episcopate. On this the Draft Basis of Union says :

‘ The uniting Churches accept the historic episcopate in a constitutional form as part of their basis of union.’

That is to say all ordinations in the new Church will be by Bishops. Thus, in the ordination of presbyters—priests—it is laid down in the Constitution of the Church of South India that for such ordinations there shall be a form of service prescribed by the Synod of the new Church of which, in accordance with the tradition of the Church Universal, there shall be as invariable parts a prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit for the office and work of a presbyter, and the act of the laying on of hands by bishops and presbyters. But of the presbyters so participating it is not demanded, in the initial stage of the scheme, that they themselves shall have been episcopally ordained but that they shall have assented to the Basis of Union and accepted the Constitution of the United Church. Normally too these ordinations will take place during the service of Communion.

Further, for the consecration of a bishop, it is required that the laying on of hands shall be performed by at least three bishops, and three presbyters of the diocese to which he is to be appointed. Or, the laying on of hands may be by bishops only. But as the Draft Basis of Union adds :

‘ There are, however, within the uniting Churches differing views and beliefs about episcopacy which have been frankly recognised throughout the negotiations.’

Then, as exemplifying these differences, it is pointed out that ‘ some regard episcopacy merely as a form of Church government which has persisted in the Church through the centuries and may as such be called historic, and which at the present time is expedient for the Church in South India.’ On the other hand there is the view that :

'Episcopacy is of divine appointment, and that episcopal ordination is an essential guarantee of the sacraments of the Church.'

This being so the Draft continues :

'The acceptance of episcopacy by the uniting Churches in which there are such differing views and beliefs concerning it and concerning orders of the ministry is not to be taken as committing the united Church to the acceptance of any particular interpretation of episcopacy, and no such particular interpretation shall be demanded from any minister or member of the united Church.'

The accuracy of this statement is beyond dispute. There are these differing beliefs on the subject of the Episcopate. Moreover, the Preface to the English Ordinal in the Book of Common Prayer reveals quite unambiguously that Anglicanism itself demands no 'particular interpretation' of episcopacy, and whilst careful to declare its own position the Preface studiously refrains from condemning non-episcopal ministries. No doubt this typical Anglican caution has much to answer for, but in the highly charged religious atmosphere of the age in which it was compiled the theological vagueness of the Preface was justified.

To-day, however, it is the doctrinal rather than the historical aspect of episcopacy upon which stress is laid. Thus, the Report on Doctrine in the Church of England, published in 1922, states that the Episcopate is 'an essential element in the life of the Church seeing that it symbolises and secures in an abiding form the Church's divinely appointed mission.' To speak thus does not imply that our Lord 'founded' the Episcopate, but that episcopacy carried on the divinely given mission of the original Apostolic office, namely, the proclamation of the Gospel of God and the oversight of the Church of God. Episcopacy is essential because Apostolicity is essential to the life and structure of the Church. No doubt it is to be deplored that this, the traditional and Catholic interpretation of the function and place of episcopacy has not been formally propounded by Anglicanism, but the fact remains that hitherto it has not done so.

How then can the scheme of the united Church be condemned out of hand for demanding here no more than

the Church of England itself demands? In the new Church many members of it will hold the orthodox view of episcopacy and teach it. They will be perfectly free to do so. Surely, too, it is a fact of immense significance that participating in the scheme there are Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists all of whom in the past have exercised non-episcopal ministries and yet all of whom are prepared now to accept the Historic Episcopate as a permanent element of the united Church? Admittedly there is risk in the policy of asking for no 'particular interpretation' of episcopacy, but the common acceptance of it on the part of all the combining Churches gives good ground for the hope that ultimately the actual experience of it will cause the traditional interpretation generally to prevail. To call for immediate and unconditional surrender on this point from the non-episcopal ministries within the scheme would, we believe, be a grave act of spiritual sabotage.

As we have seen, the Proposed Scheme of Church Union in South India was first put forward in 1919, and now in 1944, twenty-five years later, the conviction still remains amongst the negotiating bodies that it represents a movement initiated by God.

'With heartfelt thanks to God that He has led the Churches in South India so far along the road to union, and praying that His mercy may finally lead these Churches to the realisation of a united Church of South India according to His will, the Joint Committee humbly offers its fervent gratitude to Him for the manifest guidance of His Holy Spirit in its onerous task, and presents its work to the judgment of the Churches which it represents, and to all others who join in our Lord's prayer *that they may all be one.*'

Opponents of the scheme appear rather pointedly to have ignored the belief implicit in this affirmation. Yet what it strenuously asserts is that the plan for South India is no panic movement, no action hurriedly embarked upon in a mood of desperation, but an undertaking in which all through its participants have been vividly conscious of the inspiration and guidance of the divine Spirit. Such a conviction is not lightly to be set aside. Too often criticism of the scheme has begun by unctuously admitting that the movement has been under the guidance of God and then straightway proceeded triumphantly to

demonstrate that it is certainly not. God was in its beginning, but not in its end.

Energising within the Church there are ever two vital forces. Of these the first is concerned primarily to conserve the truth as it is in Christ. Broadly speaking this is the function of the priestly ministry. And it is indispensable. But also, and supplementary to this force there is another—an heroic, dynamic, creative force.

It is the prophetic spirit ; under the impulse of which men from time to time are moved to confront a particular moment of spiritual crisis by novel methods. This force, too, is indispensable to the life of the Church ; and by it we may believe the South India scheme has been directed from its inception onward. Such clearly is the conviction of the minds behind it. To deny this, and to assert that, contrary to their own deep conviction, the combining Churches have all along been misled and that their scheme must at all cost be prevented from coming into operation comes perilously near to denying the Spirit. The scheme before us represents one of the most remarkable spiritual experiences in the history of Christendom and one that has increased rather than diminished with the passing of the years. Confessedly at some points it departs from an age-long tradition and practice. This does not, however, necessitate its condemnation. It has as its positive aim the abolition of division amongst Christians in a part of the human field where division is peculiarly disastrous in the work of Christian evangelism.

It is a novel scheme. Perhaps this is its especial merit. God Himself manifestly fulfils His purpose as well by novelty as by uniformity. The purpose is inflexible, but the methods of achieving it can be variable. To read and study this Proposed Scheme of Church Union in South India is, to some of us, to become increasingly conscious of a great adventure undertaken and persistently sustained by the prompting of the Spirit of God.

C. CHESHIRE.

### Art. 5.—EMPIRE MIGRATION.

THE enforced movement of millions of men over many lands during half-a-dozen years of war will usher in a new era in migration. Various motives must affect this change of outlook. First of all, statesmen in the New World looking to increase their security, demand more manpower. Secondly, an ever-growing desire for personal independence and opportunity to enjoy what the world has to offer will drive the enterprising to seek fortune outside these Islands. It will be our wisdom to take note betimes of the strength behind these motives, planning in advance to support them. The Empire's future well-being will hang upon concerted action between this country and the Dominions on population problems. No longer will the urge to escape religious disabilities or social constriction send men overseas. That phase has passed, to be succeeded by economic attraction to those quarters, where the capital of brains and trained skill in craftsmanship will yield its surest dividend.

Australia has learned a great lesson. Since she is determined to keep that Continent 'white,' she recognises that its empty spaces must be filled. A mere dog-in-the-manger determination to suffer no immigration which might endanger the standard of wages has yielded to a far greater outside danger. The Commonwealth seeks that her population shall be more than doubled, and shall reach a total of twenty millions within a generation. Southern Rhodesia, which is only one of the new States in South Africa, is announced as willing to receive a cool half-million white immigrants. As for Canada, she hungers and thirsts for added strength to develop her mines, her forests, and her cornlands, and the experience of training workers for the Air Service has done much to abolish the one time slogan—'No Englishman need apply.' Gladly now would she retain permanently those whom she has attracted, and receive many thousands more. The testimony of Canadian troops in this country is conclusive on that head.

Complete reticence by our own Government—until the war is won—as to any existing plans for oversea settlement would be intelligible enough if so much attention had not been given to Reconstruction measures

which seem to ignore migration. It is not apparently thought necessary to consider this obvious insurance against Unemployment. The rebuilding of towns and houses, the reshaping of the whole countryside, will admittedly call for vast supplies of labour. A boom in trade will, as always, follow upon signing Articles of Peace. There will be feverish activity in London and Manchester. Architects, builders, and contractors will have more on their hands than they can accomplish in a decade. But will the demobilised skilled craftsman find the opportunities he desires? He has had men under him and is accustomed to direction; he has accepted responsibility and proved himself not unworthy. And there will not be enough responsible posts to go round, or indeed adequate employment, unless he consents to a lowered grade. No doubt the process of overcrowding in the labour market will be gradual, but it may be none the less inevitable.

A striking feature, clearly sensed, in the New Era which is opening, is the wide-spread willingness to stake out claims in regions overseas where, we may assume, special welcome will be offered. Selection of the fittest there will certainly be, for our Daughter States have no desire to import either weakness of character or imperfect physique. Possibly it may be thought that they have exaggerated this sedulous care in view of the magnificent results in their own sons, due so largely to unlimited sun, food, and air. And, as of right, their own returned fighters will have first choice of the free lands for settlement, which in Southern Rhodesia have been definitely promised and will elsewhere be offered. These new occupiers of small holdings are in direct line of descent from earliest settlers, who trekked up country to 'squat' on sheep-runs or spread over cattle stations. They will be on the fringe of the more settled districts, or near to one of the sizable towns which in Australia are foreshadowed, as a direct diversion from overgrown seaboard capitals.

But no less clear is it that farming, agricultural and pastoral, will cease to be the main occupation of new arrivals. For years now it has been evident that adequate population would quickly come to any country which determined to manufacture on the spot its own raw



material. This meant, first, importation of capital for the putting up of plant and, not less conclusively, ability to lessen costs of labour, excessive as compared with European rates. Thus the wool crop of a Continent, which might be dealt with in the Commonwealth, has been transported twelve thousand miles to Bradford or northwards to Yokohama for manufacture. It is brought back as blankets or cloth. The bargain was satisfactory to the grower, and to the transport companies, but the opportunity of employing some hundreds of thousands in local industry was lost. Soviet Russia, we may be certain, would not now make such a mistake. If the necessary capital were not forthcoming it would be found. Seeing that man-power was the first thing to be achieved in a half-empty land, population would be brought, at whatever the cost to vested interests.

Happily, the question of capital and plant and skilled labour has been profoundly affected by the ruthless arbitrament of war. In Australia alone £100,000,000 has been sunk in plant for making munitions of war, planes, guns, and ships. An immensely higher total has been found by Canada for like purposes. This particular use for it will speedily have an end, but for other industrial and peace-time purposes, the capital sunk will have lasting value. 'Swords into pruning-hooks' is English for 'guns into butter' and 'planes into ploughs.' And the same agency which has compelled the building of huge aerodromes and workshops has meanwhile been training a host of our hardiest youth to make and mend every plane and to use every workman's tool.

The main phase of new migration we may conclude will be increasingly industrial. The very qualities which produce a good craftsman will deter him from land pursuits. Yet the backwoodsman who can harness his skill as an air pilot to his agricultural machinery will reap advantages and pleasure hitherto unknown.

Mr Curtin is justified in his reckoning that no longer from this Island can he hope for sufficient recruits to work the back-blocks of New South Wales. Revival of agricultural interests here with very properly increased wages for farm labourers is demanded for lessening our dependence on ocean-borne grain and beef. Beyond this, it has largely abolished the depressed uncertainty of



outlook which drove so many tillers of the soil to seek in Ontario and Victoria what was denied them in Suffolk and Lincolnshire. Here too the land worker, by dint of tractors and machine tools, has become a mechanic—content with the esteem shown for his work, proud of the skill which makes him efficient. Moreover, advance of social services at home has far out-distanced the protection of health and education in the Dominions. The new inland cities envisaged at Canberra should be well found in these protective agencies if the English family is to be attracted. Real wealth is now seen to be that concourse of living men and women who are encouraged to grow to their full stature, intellectual as well as physical. This implies provision of elementary shelter: and, great as the drive must be to provide houses in our own country, it is no less urgent a need in the Dominions.

Want of enterprise on this head has been responsible for much disappointment. If they are wise, statesmen overseas will take care that housing is forthcoming in particular for one class of land-workers, the new army of Land Girls. They have taken to the joys and toils of farm work with an enthusiasm and courage past all praise. The care of stock has appealed to their native instinct and the open air has given them a bodily vigour which they will decline to renounce. Can they be maintained in their present jobs when the men whose places they have taken come back? If not—what an army of able women will be looking out for spheres in which they can use their new-found powers! Experience shows that women settle more contentedly and easily in a new country than do young men. They are more adaptable and patient, as well as more biddable. County Committees are rightly encouraging them to make farming their life work, here or overseas. For them, as for all dwellers on lonely stations and back-blocks, wireless apparatus, by banishing isolation—that despair of scattered settlers—comes as a priceless boon. To that increased comfort of touch with mankind is added speed of air transport with annihilation of distance over deserts of sand or sparsely growing bush. And this spells easy schooling for children and closer touch with medical care.

No new-world state desiring to increase its man-power and develop its resources can, in our day, neglect the vast

potential of women devoted to the land. They will need, no doubt, to be directed and financed. Those of them who marry will strengthen admiration for the enterprise which has brought them so far and has forged such strong links with Home. The Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women may well throw greater strength into forwarding this side of their work.

Statistics of areas and the plan of 'the great open spaces' have often assumed unwarranted importance with many supporters of migration. It is true enough that in Australia there are seven million people to three million square miles; in Canada eleven and a half million to very much the same area—whereas the United States can boast of one hundred and thirty-two millions. In the British Isles there are some forty-five millions on only ninety thousand square miles. But Australia in less than two centuries has no reason to be ashamed of its growth. It contains deserts as large as the whole of England. Until Science has made startling discoveries, probably half of its surface will defy cultivation. The inland water spread of Canada on the other hand is equally sterilising to production. It is vain to speak of vast spaces which should be filled, while in the present state of our knowledge they cannot support human life. Certainly the world for some years to come could readily consume, if it could purchase, doubled supplies of food. But the wide spaces will only furnish that supply when scientific research and mechanical skill have cleared the way. The approach to world plenty is along the road of trained craftsmanship and research. The patient search for drought-resisting wheats or subterranean clovers, is more beneficent than the discovery of internal combustion and calls for the same kind of scientific training.

The days of rough untutored husbandry are at an end. Never again, it may be hoped, will demobilised soldiers be assured—as they were in 1920—that to become successful settlers, wool-growers, or mixed farmers, they needed no kind of special experience or knowledge. To their undoing they believed it. One whole State rang with curses upon the authors of such deceit. Yet the ignorance which believed the fraud was almost as foolish as the fraud itself.

Another pitfall claims to be noticed. It is the assump-

tion that Government Civil Services—admirably trained as they are for other work—can suddenly blossom into land experts and trusted immigration agents. The Teuton may be bludgeoned and the Italian cowed into obedient subserviency. The English demand is for individual enterprise—with its risks and prizes. The laudable project of Sir James Mitchell for settling in Western Australia ten thousand families upon farms supplied by the State, has been often written down a failure. If by failure is meant that much money was spent on a scheme which did not result entirely as had been hoped—the criticism is justified. If, however, it be realised that the weakness of one particular method of arranging for migrants was demonstrated, and that many individuals who had failed as farmers under Government's auspices succeeded admirably when left to their own devices, the failure of the scheme taught a most salutary lesson. In the last resort it had brought to the country men and women who stayed to enrich it. Those who took them in charge lacked, it may be, ability to teach and to guide—for they were asked to teach that which they had never learned. The settlers who succeeded learned from their own experience.

The better plan upon which the Dominions Office works must continue. Enthusiasts are encouraged. When by selfless work they have proved the worth of their schemes, they are to be helped with finance. Enterprise comes from the individual, not from the Government; but the public Exchequer is at the back of those who can prove their ventures sound. This rule, or use, which has been continuously applied in the case of such schemes as Fairbridge Farm Schools, will safeguard all migration schemes for adults. There have not as yet appeared—and it would be improper to expect them until Peace is signed—any detailed plans for settling adults in the Dominions. It is the more important that certain general lines should be suggested of likeliest advance, and public discussion evoked.

In the meantime, until public interest insists on production of schemes for discussion, what is there already in existence which may help to show the way?

Australian, Canadian, and British statesmen have all accepted with avidity the principles of Kingsley

Fairbridge's Farm School model. They have seen with satisfaction that children from these Islands, brought up for five years in close touch with animals and farm work, develop a liking for country pursuits. Healthy citizens emerge who wish to live their lives in the atmosphere they have breathed from youth up.

In a word, the secret of producing useful and happy settlers has been found.

The model has been working for twenty-five years, and has turned out some 1,750 young citizens. Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia, South Australia, all demand that they shall be furnished with Farm Schools. It is seen that the carefully trained youth of either sex is the most valuable of all enrichments to the State. But these citizens must be grown and patiently formed—they cannot be bought ready-made. Inadequate though the supply through this single source may be, and comparatively slow in working, it still gives the key to future successful planning. That key is the absolute necessity of training for farm work on the spot.

It may be certainly hoped that The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Authority will devote some of its £80,000,000 a year payable by this country for settlement overseas on this model. Admittedly its prime concern will be with dispossessed Europeans of the invaded countries—with Greeks, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians. And only indirectly does relief given to them affect Empire migration. The indirect effect can be very far-reaching.

The capital needed for establishment of a Farm School on 3,000 acres, to accommodate 250 to 300 children with their necessary staff and equipment, may be put down at 50,000£. Not for some years will those additional mouths be skilled workers in their new home. Yet around the settlement will grow ancillary industries. There will be inflow of population and villages become townships. Each will be a permanent established centre from which strength will accrue to the whole neighbourhood. Multiply such settlements by 50, by 100, in the States which are now demanding increased white manpower and you have opened a large door for controlled and hopeful immigration. Very certainly there will be likelihood that adults will follow when compatriot children have gone before. Such advance guards of children

happily settled in Tasmania or Auckland or Queensland will make a strong magnet for full-grown citizens from their own land—whether that homeland be Great Britain or Poland, Norway, or Greece.

A sound policy may probably be to build up round Child Refuge Farms farming centres for demobilised men. Thus would there be found the beginning of a market for food grown, an invaluable social centre, and a well of ever-flowing man-power.

On such lines can be secured a sensible lessening of that killing bug-bear, remoteness ; as also a continued direction of the capital which draws employment and population in its train. The philanthropic virtue of many societies will be multiplied when the policy is adopted of planting their rescued children under sound auspices overseas. Nor is it without gain that in such enterprises the Churches can, if they will, forward social work of the very highest value. It would be untrue to say that up to the present they have grasped the opportunity offered. Ignorance of the Empire and its opportunities is the outstanding stumbling-block. This ignorance, with consequent reluctance of the Churches to look upon the forwarding of migration as any necessary part of their social programme, is being lessened by world events. The whole fight against Unemployment is at issue, and has a specifically missionary value for the spread of individual freedom. What, for instance, must be the effect upon Asia of twenty-five million men of white culture and Christian standards coming into nearer commercial touch with Chinese or Malays ? It is indisputable that the weaker and more backward races will be raised to higher levels by daily intercourse—in business or social ways—with more forward ones. This was the deliberate conviction of David Livingstone after years spent as a White Missionary in Africa. It is the common experience of those who, without professing to teach, have lived prominent lives, in honest accordance with high standards, among subject populations.

Opportunity then is given to extend, by peaceful penetration of individuals, that view of life and human responsibility which is at stake between the nations. Not easily can the New World forget how much original settlement—whether in America or Australasia—was

influenced by religious feeling. In New Zealand, Church initiative was largely effective in founding on the sure foundations which have resulted in phenomenal prosperity. The peopling of Queensland was fought for with pertinacity by a doughty Presbyterian Minister—Mr Lang. That mighty State has never looked back—but it still clamours for more and more settlers. The Puritan drive to Massachusetts and the Ulster grip on Southern States are well remembered. The particular religious urges of past centuries no longer affect our people. They have won the battle of toleration for themselves.

The stage of guaranteeing for Humanity our dearest treasures has now been entered. Our responsibility is for the undeveloped peoples of the earth who can only grow to manhood through guidance and tutelage. In the last resort this can be the only last justification for the hold we have taken of a quarter of the earth's surface. It is the business of the Churches to press this home. Much more is it their business to spread far afield those men who, adopting such principles, aim also to lessen poverty, unemployment, fear, upon this earth.

It is not contended that such a view of migration is strongly felt either by those States which, for economic and protective reasons, desire increase of man-power : nor that those who leave the old world mainly with the hope of improving their conditions, think at all of the strength they are adding to civilised culture and the highest interests of all. But it is maintained that particular power is given to those who replenish the earth and subdue it—power for evil as well as for good—and that true statesmanship will be mindful of unique opportunities now offered. Pitiful would it be if men, mainly responsible for rescuing mankind from the risk of slavery, were found unable to propagate and distribute their kind over the lands they have inherited. Should not the issue be honestly faced ?

ARTHUR G. B. WEST.



## Art. 6.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

THE task of commenting upon the tendencies and changes of this mightiest of wars, this war that, alone in all history, has really deserved the adjective 'global,' has at no period been easy: it has become so difficult to-day (May 4) that it would be foolish to attempt it along any line that necessitated prophecy. We know, every one of us not in this island only but in most of the lands throughout the earth, that mankind is on the verge of one of its most colossal explosions, we know that and all but a handful know little else. One of the best illustrations I have seen was the account of the brief colloquy of a friend with a man who might from his position have reasonably been supposed to be of that handful: 'Yes,' said this man in reply to his pertinacious and indiscreet questioner, 'I suppose I do know generally just what is going to happen; but,' he added, presumably with humour, 'as to the date I simply haven't an idea.'

It is wise to have no idea: the burden of knowledge upon those few who are not in a position of ignorance is as heavy as was ever borne by Man—which, taken by itself (and it is, of course, only one of innumerable burdens upon him) is some measure of the weight that has long rested upon our Prime Minister. It has been said that at times he has of late seemed a little tired, and that has been said almost with surprise: the real surprise is his astounding indomitability, and after two attacks of pneumonia! However that may be, we all know that at any moment and almost at any place on the Continent or elsewhere in territory owned or occupied by the enemies of the Allied Powers the storm may break, probably in many places all at once; we know that it *will* break, and soon. We have been waiting and waiting, not perhaps with the anxious intensity of the Russians who hoped for it in 1942, and expected it in 1943, but with an ever increasing sense of strain approaching, approaching what the Americans are understood to call 'D day' or what we in the last war termed simply Zero. That it will have broken somewhere, and with extreme violence, long before July is probable. 'All delays,' wrote Dryden in 'Tyrannic Love,' 'are dangerous in war': that there has been, and will be, no

avoidable delay we rest assured—and in that assurance continue to work, prepare—and wait.

Among the literature that I have been reading lately is that little pamphlet, No. 66 in the Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, 'The Uphill War' by R. C. K. Ensor, a most admirable summary from September 1939 to November 1942. Up to the latter date, the reversal of the positions at El Alamein and at Stalingrad, the contention is that in output of aircraft, tanks, guns, and all material equipment we were outstripped by the enemies who had had the vast advantage of determining the time when they would use their equipment upon the battle-fields of mankind: since that date the allies have outstripped their opponents. And yet already November 1942 seems a long, long way behind us: we may, by that date, have at last reached the end of the frightful uphill climb, but it has since become clear that a long interval had inevitably to pass before the great avalanche of victory could come cascading down.

And so we have spoken of frustration, witnessing month after month the gigantic progress of the Russian armies, our inch-by-inch advances at Cassino, which make us say stoutly, 'If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars': under the surface, assuredly, the whole face of the war is changed. It is, in truth, more than probable, it can be regarded—by a writer without the fearful burden of authority and knowledge—as certain that before these words appear in print, before (perhaps) they have even reached the printer, the tension, growing visibly and invisibly everywhere, not in this country alone but throughout the earth, will have been changed for tremendous battling. It is in the light of that certainty that every comment must be made.

I have very lately been engaged in argument. 'How lucky,' said an intelligent lad, 'we have been! Hitler must have conquered us if he had not turned aside in 1940 to finish France or if he had not attacked Russia in 1941.' If, if! If Napoleon had never gone to Moscow—what endless possibilities there are in the little word, 'if'! But it was the word 'lucky' that aroused my combative rejoinders. That luck saved us in 1940 and in 1941—no, I can never admit it: that we have special reason to be deeply appreciative of the workings of Providence I

do not for an instant seek to deny. But that is different. My contention, for which I was taken to task as being pig-headed and impervious, was, and is, that at the time of our extreme peril it was almost impossible to find any one who doubted our ultimate victory, and it was that refusal to 'be interested in the possibilities of defeat' which was the real cause of Hitler's failure. Faith is, when all is said and done, the greatest of sustainers: after a thousand years, it is peculiarly a British heritage; it is the quality that was the fire and force of that 'astonishing infantry' that 'nothing could stop' at Albuera.

It is this that averted disaster from us at the lowest ebb of our natural history: it is this which may have within it the highest of auguries for the future, for, different as we unquestionably are in so many ways from the Russians, it is in this that we have shown ourselves akin to the defenders of Leningrad, of Moscow, and of Stalingrad.

'I remembered my visit to Tula, in the U.S.S.R.,' writes Eve Curie in her 'Journey Among Warriors.' 'I remembered the hard and impassioned voice of Zhavoronkov, the young Party leader, telling me: "First, and before everything, one saves a besieged city by swearing that the enemy will not get into it. . . . The greatest element of resistance is this very will to resist, unanimously shared by the responsible leaders and all the inhabitants of a town."'

That, as Mlle Curie admits, was the spirit we had shown in 1940, and if she goes on to add that it was the spirit we lacked in Burma, that is only because she was writing in 1942 at the time when retreat there was inevitable: no retreat was possible in England, none from Leningrad, Moscow, or Stalingrad—we can, in 1944, see clearly that retreat in Burma and beyond was definitely a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. It is not in Europe only that by now the whole face of the war is changed: it is not in Europe only that the Allies have outstripped their enemies.

I make no apology for dwelling upon the contrast: not only is it patently and wholly impossible to speculate upon what lies immediately ahead of us in May and June, but also it is this contrast which conditions all our thought. These days of spring in 1944 are unforgettable: they have been, they are being days of extraordinary external beauty. Now, as I write (May 4) the double

white cherry has passed its peak of snowy loveliness, the daffodils are dying and the primroses fainting in the woods and the apple-blossom is opening swiftly, surrounded by the trees in their first and palest green. Above is a turquoise sky by day, and at night when I go to visit newly vigilant Home Guard posts, freshly keyed to duty, there is the great azure dome lit increasingly by the moon as it swells towards the full. And by day and by night, always and everywhere, over country and over town, the heavy droning, the long rumble as of a perpetually passing train as the mightiest air offensive in history inexorably continues its task, that terrible process so incongruously termed 'softening up' the enemies' communications, factories, and all other potentials of war. This process at least, whatever be the destiny of the armies, we know will go on till the day of doom, the hour of victory. And meanwhile, for the most part silent and unseen, in all the Seven Seas the relentless power of the Royal Navy.

Such is the picture, tensely as the year ripens and the days lengthen, beauty very unusual even for an English spring, labour, strain—and terror. The state of Berlin and of many another German city baffles description and the resolution—or the apathy—of the German people is an astonishing tribute to the power of the human mind. I have before me one of the pamphlets issued by a body that calls itself the 'Bombing Restriction Committee,' in which, quoting from the 'Basler Nachrichten' of Sept. 20, 1943, as to the attacks on Hamburg it says, 'It appears, therefore, that the air war in this form can indeed turn entire districts of a large city, and, above all, the residential quarters of workers and employees, into a fiery grave which no one can escape who has not the courage to flee in the early stages through the rain of phosphorous, high explosive, and incendiary bombs.' The members of this Committee evidently are quite unable to realise that they are indeed assisting their readers to appreciate the effectiveness of the air war. Dreadful, yes, but inevitable: this has to be ended once and for all—and nothing is more certain than that if the Germans could have produced such effects on London in 1940 and 1941 they would have, and if they could do it to-day they would, just as it is certain that if they are left the power

to do it in 1960 they will. 'Never again'—definitely is our resolve.

According to some prophets it will be bad enough without that. Let us listen to the great Dr C. E. M. Joad on holiday camps, which some of us have innocently, but evidently mistakenly, thought would be one of the developments of human progress in the coming days of peace: not so, for here is the dictum, 'After the war all will have holidays and many cars, and large tracts of the English countryside will inevitably disappear.' It is possible, perhaps if we are going to be careless about the glories of this little land, to parody Milton and say, 'Peace hath her destructions no less renowned than war'; and yet, in spite of the destructions which are unavoidable to-day, there is, it is to be hoped, a new consciousness—one example, to which I have made reference before, is the vastly increased range of the National Trust.

But the realisation of beauty is subject to strange aberrations. We have seen in recent weeks a singular divergence of view about some of the destruction which is an inseparable concomitant of war, in particular modern war from the skies. The Bombing Restriction Committee may have few friends and no influence, but many showed a deep concern for the ruin of the famous Monastery above Cassino and, whatever their views of harmony with or dissent from the Bishop of Chichester, would agree with Mr Harold Nicolson who in one of the most powerful of his 'Marginal Comments' in 'The Spectator,' wrote, 'It is indeed a catastrophe that the most destructive war that Europe has ever witnessed should have descended upon the loveliest things that Europe ever made.' That is, perhaps—as yet—an exaggeration: even though many of us read with anguish of the bombing of the railway yards at Padua or Pisa, the arsenal at Rome, and the communications near Florence, the fell hand of total war has not (again I add, as yet) been laid on much that most of us especially associate with the word 'Italy,' and let us devoutly hope it will not. We may agree with the view that the lives of our young men in the Forces are more important than any work of art and yet be infinitely sorry if some picture, statue, building, or other creation of the human spirit be wrested from the future inspiration and comfort of mankind. Even so, it is regrettably true

that the strains and stresses and calamities of war have made many callous in this regard, causing Mr Nicolson to add, 'It is a reproach to democratic education that the peoples of Britain should be either indifferent or actually hostile to these supreme examples of human intelligence.' None but the uneducated or jealous can wish for a modern sack of Rome or the loosing of air fury on the lovelinesses of North Italy. Let us hopefully repeat that much-used word of modern tactics, 'by-pass,' and trust that even after the tide of war things loved by the generations to whom they have been lamps may yet remain.

It is, however, easy enough to understand the indifference—or, if it indeed exists, the hostility—of the peoples of this island to the destruction wrought in Italy by the forces of war: to many the glories of that land are not merely very remote but the enjoyments, in days of peacetime travelling, of the well-to-do; there is, perhaps, not a little irrational jealousy here to be reckoned with, which endures even in a world where in many ways the well-to-do (such as remain) are penalised rather than favoured. But the real reason, I think, is simpler—for as a race we are not greatly given to jealousy, which is at all times a very small quality. It is due to the strain and stress of war. Our homes, our monuments have suffered: we do not accordingly consciously say, 'all the better, then, if those of other and aggressor nations suffer'; we say, half sadly, half apathetically, 'such is war; those things are inevitable, and there's an end on't.' We cannot, in fact, with all the burdens that are unavoidably upon us all spare sentiment—though as far as is compatible with modern war all care is taken not to be needlessly vandal, and for that we are generally appreciative.

I doubt greatly whether we are yet able to realise the effects upon our mentality of these years, whether we can yet estimate at all accurately the price we are paying for the retention of freedom as a heritage of Man. In particular, I am thinking of the continuous strain placed of necessity on the ageing who instead of being able gradually to slacken off are one and all working a great deal harder: the burden upon hosts of midde-aged women is to-day extreme, and borne not merely patiently but cheerily.



On the young it is obvious : in place of having a good time with freedom and entertainment as a natural portion, they have their labour, one and all, in service units or factories, and these war years abundantly justify the description of our lives in the trenches of the last war, 'days of intense boredom punctuated by moments of fear.'

It is this, most probably, that makes the young so indifferent to the news. They are doing their duty uncomplainingly, nobly, but they resent the necessity; they are being defrauded of the fun of their youth and they know it. I have before this made mention of the way in which many young people I have been with at various times in the course of the war turn aside from listening-in at 9 p.m., either strolling out of the room, as though by accident, as soon as the announcer's voice begins, or picking up a book, and this may in part be due to the continual repetition of the same sentences such as 'our bombers were out over Germany last night'; but I fancy it goes a good deal deeper. That world news can be dull when it is concerned with some of the most tremendous events that have ever happened on this earth is a paradox, no doubt; but then war is in itself a paradox, and in the course of it anything else may be so too.

The strain insensibly increases. What it must be in Germany is almost beyond imagination, and what the children of Germany will hereafter be is frightening for any thinker: if the present ruthless race grew out of the nurseries of the last war, what will the nurseries of to-day be breeding? But here, in Great Britain, though now of so different a kind, and in consequence less readily recognised as strain, its effects are piling up, and the bill to be paid is not small. On a single page of a daily newspaper lately—a page headed by the usual photograph of 'Monty' being cheered by war-workers—I noted three items. First, the summary of wanton destruction in railway carriages in the course of 1943: 14,500 electric light bulbs broken or stolen each month, 45,000 window-blinds torn down or slashed, 2,000 leather straps cut down or removed, 13,000 luggage racks cut or broken, and more than 3,500 mirrors smashed or stolen—an appalling summary of thieving or wantonness, and this only the main items, rivalling the ruination of the water-

tanks previously recorded. Secondly, the heading of the column to the right 'war wages up by 76 per cent.,' and, thirdly, on the left, the ludicrous account of 'a quiet, dignified, young man' who when told of the birth of his illegitimate children remarked, 'I don't want to deceive anyone and never have tried to': the comment of his wife was not recorded.

In other ways, too, the strain has told. We have passed recently through a period of grave, and indeed dangerous, industrial disturbance. There was a time when the situation in the coal-mining industry looked ominous, for though it has been said 'you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them,' there is another exception, you cannot, successfully, dig coal with them; and all the resolution and powers of the Government might not have availed through military means to obtain that without which industry perishes; and without industry at full stretch victory in modern war is wholly impossible. That time is past, and gratefully may we all recognise it: it has been succeeded, instead, by the signing of the four-year pact of peace in the coalfields, and though hard things are still being said, unwisely even if truly, that signing remains.

There has been one interesting sequel—by which I mean not the anti-strike regulation introduced by Mr Bevin but the commentary passed upon Mr Dai Grenfell's vote against the Government. It was stated in the Press that Mr Grenfell 'had a complete answer' to any criticism of his vote, the answer being that he is one of ten nominees in the House of Commons of the South Wales Miners' Federation who were opposed to the regulation: all these ten M.P.s, so it was stated, are paid 150*l.* per annum by their Federation and are therefore definitely nominees—which is wholly irreconcilable with proper Parliamentary representation: hitherto it has always been held that an M.P. was not an automaton taking orders from his constituency but a man exercising individual responsibility within the limits of his election declarations.

The House of Commons altogether has of late been having what would, I suppose, be called 'a bad Press.' It has outlived its mandate and yet is unable, during the war, to die—an unenviable state which must, neverthe-

less, continue for some little while to come, 'Second Front' or no 'Second Front' (incidentally, did ever a sillier phrase pass into the general currency of English speech?). It is, no doubt, because of its longevity that the House of Commons has been coming in for so much criticism, and the Government likewise has been far from immune, indeed at one time there was a wide-spread feeling that it was afflicted—in all domestic matters, at least—with a creeping paralysis. Lord Woolton, in particular, has been experiencing the characteristic seesaw of popular favour: as the manager of our food supplies he received universal plaudits, as Minister for Reconstruction he has been awarded a good many kicks: no doubt, he is a philosopher as well as an admirable man of business and able to take the rough with the smooth, but he certainly grew a trifle testy during a debate in the House of Lords when he was—for that decorous assembly—actually heckled as to what he meant by the word 'shortly.' Government planning of the land of the future was, he told us, to be ready 'shortly,' and his hearers were unkind enough to remind him that they had heard that one before. There can be no denying, first, that this war is really enough to claim the undivided attention of every Cabinet Minister—even those who must from the nature of their posts have an eye also on the future—and, secondly, that the basic principles of planning may conceivably be simple but the detailed working out, without which legislation is impracticable, assuredly is not. Lord Woolton's mistake—if indeed he has made one—was not to ensure that he had completely over-riding authority; with that alone could decisions be reached at all promptly on such ramifying subjects as fall inevitably within the Scott and Uthwatt Reports.

I notice, however, quite recently that some of the public impatience with Governmental lack of action is diminishing a little as the crisis of the victory march approaches. It is not so very long ago that any one who even indirectly and very mildly criticised the Beveridge Report or inquired as to the cost of its recommendations was roundly dubbed an enemy to the progress of the people: now, there is evident a slight swing away from what has been termed 'something near mass hysteria among politicians,' and as an indication Mr William

Barkley has very lately been permitted by the editor of the 'The Daily Express' to trounce Sir William Beveridge in these trenchant words, 'never in any British history that I have read was there a parallel in truculence and arrogance to the shout, supported if not led by Sir William Beveridge himself, that it must be all or nothing.' This is strong criticism, but it will not be wholly unwelcome to those who hold that Parliamentary examination and decision is a paramount condition of democratic liberties.

The Government, in fact—though criticised and once even defeated—pursues the even tenour of its way: it calmly reversed the defeat and proceeded with the Education Bill as though that incident had not happened: it is strong because it is concentrated on the prosecution of the war, and that—whatever be the secondary thoughts or wishes—is the mind of the nation, inflexibly. The Government and the nation are together so strong that criticism does not weaken and no harm can be done by remarking upon the various anomalies of wartime existence: I noted down four in quick succession only a day or two ago. The first is the minor but fairly universal matter of the sale of saccharine; we have almost all of us come down to that to save our sugar for jam. Entering a chemist's shop to buy some, I was told that he had thousands of tablets but, as he was only allowed to sell them in small envelopes of 100 each and had not had time to put up many envelopes, he could only sell me a 100. The reason, he averred, was the tender anxiety of the Government lest if he sold a customer a box containing, say, 5,000 nominally, customers could not readily tell if the number were correct: it was left to be supposed that each customer, on receiving his envelope of one 100, tore it open, counted the tablets and rejected them if short by 2 or 3. The labour of putting up the small envelopes and the use of the paper involved has not, it seems, deterred the regulators.

A second anomaly is exhibited by our friends of the post office: a man, for example an American officer, may not tell his friends where he is lodged but he may ring up and usually the first words of the telephonist are 'will you take a call from —,' naming the town which the conscientious soldier has sedulously concealed. That has,

in fact, happened to me and also to others of whom I have knowledge. A more serious anomaly, to house dwellers at least, is the continued irrationality of the word 'household': a 'household' may have so much coal for instance—that "household" may be a cottage with two residents in it at most or it may be a castle with fifty; that makes no odds, the allowance is the same—and that goes for other supplies also. Why rationing cannot be per head as for food has never been explained. It is monstrously unfair on all large houses—but then to-day the scales of justice are all inverted: once the well-to-do were privileged, now they are penalised.

And that principle goes for my fourth anomaly, the extra food given to school children—in the last week extra sugar for jam has been added. It is excellent that these children should be well supplied; they are the generation upon whom the prosperity of the world will rest. But it is not excellent that a child who is of the same age but not in the same category should not have a similar supply—and it really is no answer to say 'but that is the parents' choice: the child could go to that school if they so decided,' for, if they did in fact exercise their right and send their child, the school buildings and staff would at once be quite inadequate.

On the great, broad front of public affairs—as distinct from the ever-present, but nonetheless important, domestic front—an anomaly of a kind which we may devoutly trust will never be repeated, neither specifically nor in general principle, has been forced to the world's attention by the steady progress towards victory against Japan. Island by island the Pacific is being wrested from her—and her doom, always certain even in the darkest days of Singapore, is patent for all eyes: but what are—or were—many of these islands? We read in the course of the war-news of islands 'where for fifteen years no European has been allowed to set foot'; and these were islands mandated to the custody of Japan under the mantle of the League of Nations. It is incredible and yet it is true. They were not mandated to Japan for the purpose of enabling her to establish a ring of fortified places round her heart; they were mandated—if mandate has any meaning whatever—for the good of the islanders, and an inviolable duty was laid upon the authority that

conferred the mandate to see that its purpose was not abused. That duty was utterly neglected, and now all the nations warring against the terror of the Japanese are paying the penalty. Never again indeed must the world be so supine !

The inexorable progress of the war in the vast spaces of the Pacific has gone all one way even as has that against the might of Germany : everywhere, sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly, but everywhere surely, the net is closing in : and the signs that this is so are multiplying. One has come now from Italy, where Marshal Badoglio has succeeded in reconstructing his Government sufficiently to include, at last, such well-known representatives of liberal thought as Count Sforza and Signor Croce, and—as a concomitant—the King has announced his abdication, to take effect as soon as the allies enter Rome : the announcement is, to say the least of it, significant. More so is the decision of Turkey to cut down drastically the supplies of chrome to Germany ; and—proceeding to the third, which is the most significant pointer of all—the agreement with Spain in respect of similar supplies of wolfram. Turkey, in spite of inevitable difficulties, has been our friend throughout : Spain, under General Franco, can hardly be said to have deserved such a description, and we may feel assured he would never have agreed so except under the conviction that Germany can no longer be regarded as a good horse to back.

But, when all is said and done, it is our Allies and not neutrals, friendly or unfriendly, who count. Passing a few days ago through St James's Park, I was struck by a trinity of B's, such as have never been brought together before this singular epoch of our national history ; the three were Balloon, Baseball, and Buckingham Palace. In the blue sky above floated one of our silvery barrage balloons, on the green grass beneath a group of American soldiers were playing baseball, in the background, dignified and serene, watched Buckingham Palace. There has never, in the history of any nation, been such an 'invasion' as the coming of vast numbers of American soldiers, sailors, and airmen to this little island, and its consequences, for good or ill, are quite incalculable. The great democracy is getting to know us and we are getting to know it in a



way and to a degree that no one could have dreamt of : I never pass a little band of Americans with their English friends, very likely arm-in-arm as they spend a few hours of leave together, in one of our towns without a sense of wonder, and, still more, a sense of hope. Proximity has its perils as well as its opportunities : it has been said you cannot hate anyone you know, and let us pray that the knowledge that war has been thrusting upon our two nations is developing that understanding which is of absolutely paramount importance for the future not only of the two nations but of the whole world. We may legitimately feel that we have reason to know our hope is not vain—for all the differences of character, outlook, and—not least—language (which is apt to be a snare unconsciously) the comradeship in arms, cemented increasingly by blood, is a very wonderful thing ; and, whatever else in the purely military field may be his achievements, it will always be to the deathless credit of General Eisenhower that he has shown a genius for welding us together.

And now, on this last May Day, Marshal Stalin's great Order of the Day : that very remarkable figure of the Kremlin has been called by many a 'super-realist' : he neither fails to face facts nor does he mince words, and if he praises, it is because he means praise. Not for nothing has he in this Order dwelt luminously on the achievements and the cooperation of Russia's allies.

Finally, as May gathers leaf and the blossom swells, we may mark, and not merely accept, the opening of a great Conference of the British Empire : I say 'Empire' rather than the more general and more modern words 'Commonwealth of Nations' having just been looking at the photograph of His Majesty standing in the midst of his Prime Ministers, a truly symbolic picture which must cause shudders of bitter envy in the cold and isolated heart of Adolf Hitler. A Conference of the British Nations in London in May 1944—what a portent !

Everywhere, everywhere the uprising world : the lid of events is giving those little spasmodic jerks that are indicative of the cauldron on the boil. We have seen at Cassino that an air bombardment can be so devastating as to impede progress, one of the countless problems of warfare being studied and amended : overhead, as I write,

continues the mighty rumbling in the skies, ceaselessly by day and by night. Let me end by quoting Byron—correctly save for the alteration of one word.

‘On with the dance ! let *war* be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn.’

And yet, not to end too seriously, let me in real conclusion revert to cricket—as is natural enough at the beginning of May, war or no war. I see that once again King Willow is returning to his own : a number of trees have been cut down, for the first time since 1939, for the making of cricket bats therefrom : it is true that the announcement added that these would be sent to Australia—no matter ; after all, Bradman is not as young as he was, and Australia will certainly have need of all the practice she can get !

GORELL.

[For the postscript to the above article see p. 378.]

#### Art. 7.—NINETEENTH-CENTURY COMMENTARY.

To look through the bibliographies of contemporary books dealing with the nineteenth century invariably leaves one with a feeling that all the great letter writers of that epoch have been discovered and exploited ; yet one at least of the most vitally prolific still awaits an editor.

That this should be so, more than eighty years after her death, would have surprised Mrs George Villiers, who set a proper value upon her correspondence. For a matter of fifty years she wrote daily to her brother, Lord Morley, and on his death acquired both sides of the correspondence ; almost daily also she wrote to any of her seven children who happened to be at a distance from her. Under these circumstances, the bulk of the surviving deposit is alarming to contemplate. A great quantity of her letters written to her eldest son, George, later 4th Earl of Clarendon, have come into my possession, and a cursory glance suggests that the pages covering ‘the season’ of 1821, alone, run into some 100,000 words. Calculations based on such a scale induce a reaction of terrified impotence. Twice, however, in recent years Mrs Villiers (or

more properly 'Mrs George,' for under that designation she was known to her family of all ages and degrees of kinship) has made a brief appearance before the public. First, in Mr Childe Pemberton's 'Romance of Princess Amelia,' where she figures as the writer of several letters concerning the Fitzroy incident; and then in George Villiers' 'Vanished Victorian'—in which, as the mother of the subject of the Memoir, she is vividly portrayed.

Yet, I think that 'Mrs George' expected more than this mede of publicity, for on Jan. 30, 1852, she writes:

'I doubt not that Theresa with her talent for writing might from the uninterrupted correspondence of fifty years . . . pick out material for a memoir of the times. . . . From the days of my youth I have always liked keeping letters from people I loved, and I always built a sort of Spanish Castle on very fragile foundations. I thought that when I was old and perhaps house-ridden, I should have so much pleasure in re-reading and sorting them, but this time has never come to be.'

Anyone reading Mrs George's letters will be rewarded by more than an introduction to a very happy family for they will at the same time perceive a vivid picture of the nineteenth-century scene.

But now, before we listen to the disembodied voice we must pause for a moment to consider its owner.

'Mrs George's' father was John 1st Lord Boringdon; her mother, Theresa, daughter of the 1st Lord Grantham. The Parkers lived at Saltram, near Plympton in Devon, in that perfect Adams house in which Joshua Reynolds, the son of a local clergyman, received his first pencil and his first drawing lesson and where, in later years, he painted many fine portraits.

Theresa, who was named after her mother, and transmitted her name to her daughter and granddaughter, was, from the first, a dominating personality; affectionate, impulsive, and extravagant, with an unrestrained zest for life and an observing eye, she combined a respect for high principles with a most thorough appreciation of the values of this world.

These characteristics remained undimmed at the age of seventy-six, when she could still write to her eldest son: 'I have well enjoyed my birthday. If it is sinful to wish to live (which I don't believe) all the responsibility must

rest on your shoulders, for if you make me so happy, how can I do otherwise than wish to live a little longer? . . . I believe the joy of receiving your letters would have enabled me to dance a Sir Roger de Coverley in fine style to-day.'

For ever, she was fascinated by the surprising queer-ness of people and of events and invariably she picks up her pen to analyse and retell them.

In 1798, at the age of twenty-three, she married George Villiers, third son of the 1st Earl of Clarendon, and likewise the bearer of a christian name which was to go through several generations to the confusion of editors. He, however, was uniformly alluded to as 'The Governor' by his contemporaries. He held various minor official posts which brought him into contact with the Court of George III, and soon it was found that he was one of the only people who had the power to subdue the King's paroxysms, which were rapidly developing into insanity. As a result of the discovery of this talent the year 1804 found the Villiers lodged in a small house, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland, at Kew, in order that the Governor might be immediately available in case of need.

This propinquity caused Mrs George to see much of the unhappy Princesses, and between herself and Princess Amelia there sprang up a very real friendship—whilst Sophia and Elizabeth seem to have found in her robust confidence some reassurance for the future which revived their thwarted spirits.

To the remarkable devotion of these young women to their father Mrs George's letters bear interesting testimony, whilst they reveal also the shocking unkindness with which they were treated by their mother.

There was nothing which Elizabeth and Sophia did not discuss with their friend concerning Amelia's *affaire* with General Fitzroy—but the Princess herself never made any mention of it to Theresa for four years. Then one day, in 1808, when those intolerable ex-governesses 'Gum' and 'Gooly' had plagued her beyond measure, Amelia told Mrs George the whole pitiful story. That she had nothing whatsoever to conceal remained Theresa Villiers' conviction—that she intended to marry Fitzroy upon her father's death she made perfectly clear. That the King had not long to live and that it was not possible for her to

accelerate his death by an elopement was another basis of her conduct. Ironically it proved a false one for the old mad Monarch lived on, and it was Amelia's health which broke under the self-imposed strain. In her will she did not forget Mrs George—and the Villiers in their turn befriended Fitzroy at the time of his bereavement. They asked him to stay with them and gave him good advice; urging him not to listen to the persuasions of the Royal Brothers and sign away his inheritance without guarantee of restitution. Fitzroy did not listen to these counsels—but perhaps the Villiers were known to have given them for their Court connection ended about this time. What Theresa Villiers' optimism had meant to the brow-beaten Princesses may easily be gauged by their nickname for her, 'Tant Mieux'; derived as it was from her constant use of the expression.

And now Mrs George devoted herself to the education and launching of her family which was soon to number six sons and a daughter. It is when her eldest son, the second George, took up his first appointment, as attaché at the British Embassy in St Petersburg, that the correspondence from which I intend to quote begins.

The date is 1821—the year of George IV's Coronation. And here is her graphic account of that event.

Friday, July 20. 'Only fancy dearest George. . . . We are all alive and well after the Coronation and I think considering we were up at two yesterday morning and did not get home till past two this morning, that we got nothing but a little fruit to eat all day, that I was tired to death, but am not a bit worse for it to-day. (I mean not really worse, of course my limbs still ache but no more.) You will allow that your mother has lost none of her elephantine propensities. . . .

The Governor departed first to go with Montagu to a platform erected for the Duchy of Lancaster people . . . they saw the whole procession to and from the Abbey. They saw the Queen come in her carriage, get out thereof, and as the Governor would say "prance" about the street on foot with Lord A. Hamilton and Lord Hood, trying first one door and then the other, refused at all, they heard her hissed, and saw her retreat in her carriage jawing and rowing, just like an old barrow woman would do who was refused admission anywhere.

We went to our place of rendezvous at four o'clock, opposite St George's Hospital . . . the string began there and we took two hours to reach the Abbey. . . .

The acclamations, though in the Church, were vehement, and the moment Ben was crowned all the Peers put on their coronets, the cannon fired, the Anthem struck up and the enthusiasm and the applause was one of the most splendid, striking things that could be imagined.

The Archbishop of York preached a remarkable dull, long sermon, of twenty-eight minutes, and we were all disposed to hiss. . . . Anybody so splendidly handsome as Leopold you never saw, that man was born to walk at a Coronation. He had on the robes of a Knight of the Garter, which are infinitely handsomer than Coronation robes. . . . Then he walks so stately and so well, and our own fat Princes who came bundling and waddling after looked like so many old women beside him.

The King walked well, so far as could be seen, but the Cinque Port people, who carried the canopy over him did it so badly that one could not see much of him. . . . His little pages were beautiful, but being all Opposition boys made one stare. . . . At one moment there was a horrid scream and a groan was heard. We thought it was a person in hysterics, but it proved to come from the wife of Doctor Currie, a clergyman, who fell in an apoplectic fit in her lap. Can you imagine anything so dreadful? It was *his* groan and *her* scream. They bled him with a pen-knife, thought him dead all day, but now he is recovered. . . . Afterwards the King retired into a private room for two hours. . . . During this time Lord Abingdon and Mr Hamilton deciding also to rest, tried different rooms and at last pounced open a door with some violence, and what should they see but the Sovereign himself with nothing on but his trousers and his Crown, looking in the glass and humming a tune. . . . Can you imagine anything more ridiculous. . . .

The King later wanted some dinner in his private room, the banquet only being pro-forma, but it had been forgot so the only thing he got was some cold lamb from the Peers' table.

Then after the Banquet and the health drinking everybody in the Hall, Peers and Peeresses sang "God Save the King" with one accord without music. It was the most



transcendent thing I ever heard, it is the first time I ever saw (sic), where I became really overpowered with the grandeur of the scene, and felt enthusiastically loyal, and I am sure everybody felt the same. None so loud in their applause as Lady Jersey—*Parlez moi de ça . . .* The difficulty of getting away was due to three carriages which upset and stopped the whole string . . . Really, late at night you never saw such a scene, men and women lying about in the rooms, some asleep and some fainting, etc. It was a great *pity that* failed, because all the arrangements were so good, and Lord Gwydyr had been indefatigable.'

Of the balls and fêtes which wound up the season 'Mrs George' wrote with equal verve—but space precludes more than one quotation :

'The Esterhazy Ball was very splendid indeed, as far as dress, foreigners, and uniforms could make it. The King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, all in Austrian uniform, which to say truth, I did not think particularly becoming to our worthy Sovereign and his Brothers, in as much as from its plainness it shews shape so much. . . .

You never saw such monstrous, such ridiculous plumes as the Fitzclarences', and they put on lappets to sham having been to Court. . . .'

'Mrs George' was never to grow old, but there came a time when, in her middle age, the events of her youth, dating back to the eighteenth century, were matters of distant history to her children, and so she writes reminiscently for their edification :

'I liked Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings even better than that on Lord Clive, or rather it interested me because it related to my time. I remember all the circumstances, two of us went to the Trial and heard Warren Hasting's acquittal, it was the tamest thing imaginable. The Hall was very empty instead of being, as Macaulay says, quite full. What he says of Hastings' turn for writing little epigrams is quite true.'

In 1841 we catch a glimpse of the setting of the old order and the progression of the new. For in November Mrs George writes :

'The Queen Dowager is very bad. She has Chambers who says with great care she may creep out of it ; but it

must be by living in two or three rooms by a thermometer. . . . She is a very kind-hearted person and if she dies it will be a great loss to those about her. She never understood her place as Queen in this country and was weak enough to be led by Lord Howe, but I think she is very well intentioned. . . . The little Queen was driving about to-day, the Duchess of Gloucester says she is very nervous and so anxious to have a son. She declines seeing her Aunts till after the confinement because she is so very nervous. I hear everybody say she is civil to the Tories now, makes her conversation quite general and plays at cards in the evening.'

But when the event had taken place, Theresa, good Whig that she was, had some qualms about this Tory ascendancy.

'I wrote your names down at the Palace yesterday. I must say the attendance was disgraceful, only two footmen in royal liveries, and they sat down, after pointing to the register. Charles went to the play last night and says nothing could have surpassed the loyal effusion. I really could find it in my heart to be sorry for the sex, because of the Tory Triumph, now they will always say that he was born a Tory.'

Certainly her interest in the Royal Nursery was active and continuous. In the same year she notes :

'The Duchess of Gloucester tells me the Princess Royal is improving upon asses milk. She says Albert prides himself upon taking the whole charge of the Nursery and had starved the poor child till Dr Blagdon accidentally saw her one day.'

Two years later we come upon a delightful problem, which was offered for young Villiers' solution :

Oct. 1843. 'How long my dear George should you say one ought to stay in a tepid bath? I stay about twelve minutes but am thinking of staying twenty minutes. I do not find I sleep better the nights I go in, on the contrary; which makes me think of staying longer.'

And then, after this surprising conclusion she goes on to tell him a story of Lady Holland and the Poet Rogers :

'You know that Rogers and Chloe are always upon a diamond cut diamond, tit for tat, sort of footing. The other day when Rogers dined there she contrived to affront him, he was very silent and sulky all through

dinner. After dinner the conversation turned upon pictures and Chloe mentioned one or two in Rogers' possession that she thought were disagreeable pictures, the painting being good, but the subjects horrid. She said she should not like to live with pictures of a painful subject, for instance the first picture in the Sistine Chapel of the Day of Judgement, that she would not like to see it always before her.

"That would depend a good deal upon your Ladyship's prospects on that day I should think."

Thereupon Chloe began to cry and said she did not know what she had done to deserve such an answer . . . pleasant for the other diners !'

It must be confessed that, like some of her contemporaries, Mrs George had a great predilection for describing the last moments of the great. The deaths of Lady Worcester and Lord Alvanley roused her to lengthy moralising, but perhaps the scene which she describes as taking place round the death-bed of the Duchess of Marlborough is the most surprising.

1844. 'The poor creature's death was the most extraordinary scene. The Duke sent for Dr Ellitson and one of his young ladies to mesmerise her. Lord Blandford was reading prayers. The Duke abusing Lady Ashbroke, the poor Duchess in a state of torpor and the Nurse trying to make her swallow turtle soup.'

And then there follow the echo of old scandals, some of which have provided themes for recent books.

1847. 'Doctor Fergusson who is here does not believe a word of the dose of poison having killed the Duc de Praslin, but he has a version which would fully explain Louis Philippe's anxiety for him to die without a trial. The Duc de Praslin was Chevalier d'honneur to the Prince de Condé at the time he was living with Miss Dawes. She was his English Mistress and was created a French Baroness. He was desirous she should be received at Court. The Queen of the French was naturally stiff about this, but suddenly yielded. She received her at Court, made much of her, and, directly afterwards, he made his will leaving his immense fortune to the Duc d' Aumale, and then he was found hanging in his room. I believe no one doubted but that she suspended him, but of course she was proved innocent.

Well, the Duc de Praslin having known a thing or two about this. . . .

1848, the year of European Revolution, found Mrs George in excellent epistolary form—and she followed the events in Paris with the interest of one who could make comparisons :

Feb. 26, 1848. 'You will have heard by post of the awful events at Paris. It does so bring back my early recollections of the first frightful Revolution. . . .

That hideous French mob, so much the most frightful of all wild beasts. Louis Philippe is the person one does not pity, for he has provoked his own destiny and brought just retribution on his head, but his poor wife and above all the unfortunate Duchesse d'Orleans with her two children to be brought forth in the face of that horrid mob, with the recollection of Marie Antionette and the little Dauphin in her mind. I declare it makes one sick to think of it. They will never be satisfied till they have a Republic and then they can cut each other's throats as much as they like. What disgusting creatures they are, so between monkeys and tigers. . . .

Later, in July, she was to receive a secondhand account of the 'horrid events' which she passed on with evident enjoyment.

'Lady Sligo was here yesterday, her Brother, Mr Smythe, had the folly to go over to Paris during those dreadful days, and had a narrow escape of his life, he was arrested three separate times, and the abuse of the English and assurance of English gold having caused all the row was perpetual. During one of the arrests it was dark and as the men led him towards the Mairie, he got quite wet and thought they led him through puddles of water. So he said to them, "*N'allez pas par ici j'ai les pieds tous mouilles.*" A man answered, "*A ce n'est pas de l'eau, Monsieur, c'est du sang.*" And sure enough, he had been walking ankle deep in blood. He was there, I think, the two nights of the compulsory illuminations and Lady Sligo says he described that as the most dreadful of all sights. Quite light and the rays shining on the dead bodies and the streets running with blood.'

Then, when current events failed to provide dramatic material there was always reminiscence to fall back upon.

1849. 'Allow me to touch my hat to Master George and assure him the mistakes are his and not mine. I did not mistake an installation for an investiture. To be sure, my knowledge of the matter belonged to the old Court, and now it may be changed. I remember my being present in one of the State Rooms at Windsor when a Chapter of the Garter was held to invest the late Lord Dartmouth. There were a good many Knights in their robes; the Dean of Windsor, the famous Legge, read the Service for the occasion, asking Heaven that a good choice of Knights might be made, just as if it were not all settled. Each Knight went out of the room to write the name he was supposed to choose and returned with his bit of paper folded up, and then everybody looked surprised, or made as if, when the Dean opened the papers and announced the unanimity with which Lord Dartmouth's name had been written by everybody. He was led in by two Knights and knelt to George III, who passed the blue ribbon over his shoulder and buckled on the Garter, very awkwardly. The Princesses and their Ladies had a corner of the room assigned to them and they took me with them. I saw the Duchess of Gloucester yesterday and asked her about it and her recollection is as fresh as mine. But she says she has never seen a Chapter held since her Father's time. An installation is quite *une autre paire de manches*.'

A year later (1850) The Don Pacifico affair brought some shrewd comments from Mrs George regarding the reactions of the protagonists. At the height of the Cabinet crisis she remarks:

'There must be something peculiar in Palmerston's constitution, the deeper he gets into the mire the more easily he comes out again upon stilts, makes a pirouette and bows to the company, who all applaud. To-day at his own party he tripped about with a double jaunty spring under the soles of his feet. Lord and Lady Grey do not carry off the misdemeanour half so well. He looks like an angry ferret and she has got to look as sour as vinegar.'

Of Lord John Russell there are many little sketches in her letters, but this commentary, dating from 1851, is perhaps one of the most characteristic:

'... You ask me if I am not provoked with Lord

John? Oh dear, yes, for ever, and then he does something or other that makes one feel as kindly as ever towards him again. The fact is that he has no knowledge of mankind and confides just where he should not. . . . He was here two nights ago, very talky and pleasant, but he is altogether smaller than he was and very yawny, which I do not like.'

Mrs George lived for the whole of her married life in Old Kent House which faced Hyde Park, opposite the spot where Knightsbridge Barracks now stand.

So the proposal made in 1850 to hold the Great Exhibition in such close proximity to her home produced a violent reaction, as we might expect. For about a year, her letters treat of hardly any other subject and her lamentations are loud and continuous.

'I have given a shilling and shall hold my purse strings very tight. . . . Hyde Park will be spoiled, the children will not be able to walk there, the trees will be cut down and all sorts of horrors will take place. If Prince Albert wants to indulge fancies, let him and his Courtiers pay for them or the Grandees of the land. But to send the begging bowl round to poor clerks and to be told the Queen will be much displeased if people don't subscribe—I think it is too bad.'

Yet for all her disapproval, Mrs George's curiosity could not be completely stifled as her letters prove:

'George Lewis took the children to see the opposite Monstrosity yesterday. He says its only beauty is from its unparalleled vastness. It gave him the idea of a Brobdingag railway station with a glass roof. A great many Builders and Architects are very doubtful of its security, but that may be *jalousie de métier*. The size is so vast that Theresa says the great old elms look like little Christmas Trees inside. . . .'

But fears for the security of the building were by no means the only terrors which were harboured by those who opposed the idea of the Exhibition. And there were still more sinister rumours abroad as may be seen from this extract:

'Charles makes me die of laughing with Lord Douro's account of the Duke's interview with Albert on the subject of the Exhibition. The Prince crams him with his opinion of the beauty, harmony, unity, and peacefulness



of the show and the Duke don't contradict him but always replies by making some suggestion about keeping roads open to facilitate the passage of soldiers. Then Albert says, "Is it to be believed that upon such an innocent peaceful undertaking as this, there can be found people disposed to be quarrelsome and mischievous?" And the Duke only replies "It is better to be prepared." . . . "The programme for the foolish thing is settled. 'Gracious Missus' goes in state and will sit on a throne. She is to declare the Exhibition of the World's Fair open. At Bartlemy Fair the Beadles used to give out that the Fair was open, so the idea is not new. Charles says the May Day sweeps ought to petition for compensation or admission, for it is hard to depose the original Queen of the May without other *procès* than Queen Victoria stepping in her place. I hope they will have Lord John as Jack in the Green. . . .'

But, though hostile, Mrs George could not achieve indifference. On April 30 (1851) she writes apologetically:

'I find myself, in spite of myself as busy and interested in the arrangements as if I did not maledict the whole thing. There is a commotion about dress in both our Houses and I am so anxious Theresa should have a becoming bonnet, so you see what an old fool I am.'

However, on the opening day her fears returned and her letter on that occasion bears the superscription 'The Horrid Day' (in lieu of date). 'I am sitting at Home whilst they are gone to the nonsensical pageant. To keep my mind off the terrible calamities that may be happening I write to you of other things. . . .'

Capitulation came a fortnight later, 'What do you think, I've been to the Exhibition, I have indeed. . . . I was allowed to use my eyes as much as I pleased, but not my legs. To-morrow Lord Granville will allow me a wheeling chair. It must be ultra-splendid when one sees the whole. . . .'

Mrs George was now an old (and to some extent an infirm) woman, but as Clarendon had written not long before she was 'still fit for frolic.' And, besides frolic she was still fit to take an active interest in her friends' affairs. Amongst these friends she numbered Lady Byron and also Augusta Leigh. Now, the idea came to her to effect a reconciliation between them and two letters of 1851 refer

to this attempt, which was apparently not fruitful of good results.

April 15, 1851. 'I think I told you that I was working for a reconciliation between Lady Byron and Mrs Leigh. . . . If it all fails it will serve me right for undertaking two Bedlamites, but still I am right to try. . . .'

April (?), 1851. 'I have poor Mrs Leigh coming to me to tell me of innumerable grievances which I cannot redress. I have made her have an interview with Lady Byron, but the latter is really so mad and has such delusions that I fear nothing will come of it. But I have made her do right. . . . All the warnings of all the sermons that ever were preached or printed would never be such an antidote to *dérèglement* of every sort as the true history of that whole Byron and Leigh family.'

Curiously enough, for her eldest son was to become a great friend of Napoleon III and of his Empress, Mrs George viewed his rise to power with the utmost disgust and having alluded to him as an 'execrable monster,' she speaks rather pleasingly of his despoilment of the Orleans family as '*Le premier vol de l'aigle*' and then goes on to lament over the probability of invasion. There seems to be a familiar ring to some of her complaints.

1851. 'Our defences can't be put into a proper state by magic, and how much may happen before they are ready. . . . If they come that horrid Cobden should be sent to Dover to meet them. He says, "Look what happens if you have a standing Army" and I reply "You'll soon see what happens when one hasn't." The prophetic spirit of Canning still hovers over us. Do you remember his lines

"Slow and Sure

In planning expeditions against the foe  
Our Ministers are always sure, tho' slow  
Each expedition meets the common fate  
Slow to depart and sure to be too late."

As time passed, it is to be feared that Theresa Villiers like other old ladies found it difficult to adjust herself to alterations in social structure. And about this period Disraeli's elevation to Cabinet rank filled her with vigorous distaste.

' . . . Don't you feel it will be a National, almost a personal, individual disgrace to have that pedlar officiating

as one of our principal Ministers? . . . George Lewis came back from the House last night and described Disraeli's demoniacal appearance. Everybody seems to have been impressed with the display of every evil passion which could be portrayed in the human face. . . . Fancy Mrs D'Izzy yesterday waiting on her balcony to see Lord Derby when he went out of the House and giving a loud Hurrah and waving her pocket handkerchief. Is it not degrading to have such people in high places?'

The last extract is of a happier nature. It records the visit which Queen Victoria paid to the Emperor Napoleon III in Paris, an event engineered and sponsored by George—now Lord Clarendon and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Aug. 1855. 'How thankful I am it has all answered so well. What a wonderful event to be present at, and what an event for history. What would the poor old Duke have said to the Queen of England visiting the tomb of Napoleon in such a manner. I feel so glad to have lived to see or rather know of such an extraordinary event. More extraordinary to people of my age than to others.'

As a girl of fourteen Mrs George had followed the violent human commotion which had flung up Napoleon I as the arch-enemy of England, as an old lady of seventy-nine she saw her son conduct the Queen of England to his nephew's Court. A great arc of time had spanned these two events, and now the life which had begun in the eighteenth century was drawing to a close—in 1856 Mrs George died, very peacefully—her pen which had chronicled many events would write no more. Three of her sons had predeceased her, but she had lived to see her beloved George occupy several of the highest offices of State; Charles had achieved celebrity in connection with the Corn Laws and was to live to become the Father of the House; Montagu was on his way to a bishopric and Theresa's second husband had attained to Cabinet rank. Truly her work had been completed, though we may suspect that she still retained a strong desire to see the achievements of the second generation.

MARJORIE VILLIERS.

## Art. 8.—THE LAW AND WILD MAMMALS.

'THE TIMES' has recently carried several interesting letters upon the unnecessary persecution of the badger, a correspondence that arose quickly from a letter of protest against the needless orders by pest officers to destroy badgers as vermin in the Taunton district. One of the most interesting accounts of the habits of the badger came from a Russian reader who had spent many years farming in the Ukraine where the people always protected the badger for its valuable destruction of rabbits, field-mice, and other farm vermin, and unlike the English countrymen they held no illusions that blame the badger for the destructive raids of the fox. But the most interesting observation one made upon these letters was the widespread ignorance of the badger's usefulness which still exists among the responsible people in our country life, and that over a wide part of the country the badger is subject to a prejudice and a persecution akin to the times when owls were shot as vermin and useful insect-eating birds destroyed because no law then existed to protect them.

There is no law to protect the badger. Landowner or gipsy alike may trap it like a rabbit or poison it like a rat, or if lucky enough to catch sight of nocturnal Brock, to shoot him like a fox. Even the meadow-hare, whose increase in wartime in parts of Hertfordshire and Lancashire is causing widespread damage to farm crops little less costly than the ravages of the rabbit—a meeting of the Lancashire Branch of the National Farmers' Union protested at the destruction of whole fields of spring cabbage by hares protected by the Game Laws—receives abundant protection by both law and landowner. But the hare is a vegetarian grazing upon the young corn, the tops of all the root-crops, and the market-garden produce. The badger is a relative of stoat and weasel, the most effective of our native rat and mouse destroyers: he is more omnivorous in his diet than the other Mustelids in that he varies his animal prey with wasp grubs, roots, wild fruits, many beetles—in a Cumberland pasture a badger spent half an hour one morning turning over the cow-dung to catch the dung-beetles beneath—but he does not damage the crops. The main part of his diet consists of rabbits, rats, field-mice, field-voles, and beetles. The examination of the

droppings of badgers inhabiting pheasant coverts or the vicinity of poultry farms in this country, in the U.S., and in Russia have shown that the remnants of poultry or game chicks are very rare and of quite insignificant proportions. The complaint that the badger is a frequent raider of the poultry house is totally unfounded. That badgers have raided poultry pens on occasion is not disputed: but these are exceptional individuals, like the odd tawny owl which kills farmyard chicks whilst rat-hunting, or the bachelor cock pheasant who breaks the eggs of pheasant nests or fights and drives away the rightful owner.

Throughout the country there is a widespread concern for the badger. Some months ago the 'Manchester Guardian' reported the destruction, by a pests officer, of a badger in a part of Cheshire where badgers were not very common and where the local landowners and farmers had genuinely combined to protect such interesting and uncommon creatures. The most important public protest originated in Lakeland in the winter of 1942-3 when the badger was listed amongst the vermin recommended for destruction by the Cumberland pests officer. Lakeland, Wales, and the West Country are the strongholds of the badger in Britain, and from Carlisle, where I was stationed at the time, I was most impressed by the way in which the matter spread rapidly from the merely local concern of the Lakeland weekly newspapers and local natural history societies at Cockermouth and Penrith to the leader columns of the 'Yorkshire Post' and the 'Manchester Guardian,' to the meetings of the British Empire Naturalists' Association and natural history societies as far away as Croydon. The culmination was a statement by the rodent control officer, published in the 'Manchester Guardian,' which withdrew his condemnation of the badger and excluded it from his vermin list. So far as Cumberland was concerned the matter ended there. But the whole question had set on foot a nation-wide effort to obtain legal support for the defence of the badger, and that movement has gone forward. The prospects of legal protection for the badger and several other useful mammals of our countryside in the early years after the war are most likely. At an early date after peace Parliament may be faced with a Bill to give legal protection to

the badger. And as Parliament has never wavered in its democratic aims, it is expected to give the measure the same support that, shortly after the last war, placed the Great Grey Seal Protection Act upon the Statute Book, affording legal protection for the grey seals of the rocky Atlantic coasts during their winter breeding season, the first legal protection for a British mammal other than game.

The forty-years-old Cumberland Nature Club issued a manifesto strongly urging that legislative protection be given not only to the badger, but to other rare or uncommon animals in this country like the pine-marten, polecat, red squirrel, and otter, as is given to bird life. It welcomed the move to promote legislation to this end. 'The animals named,' it added, 'are being menaced by sportsmen and other misguided people who fail to see that these animals, beside their interest to nature lovers, perform valuable functions in keeping down less interesting animals harmful to agriculture.' Evidence concerning the badger, particularly concerning its diet, is being sent to all M.P.'s, and the question of new laws for our wild animals will be brought up after the war. An Animal Welfare Group in the House of Commons numbers more than two hundred M.P.'s who are expected to prove the chief supporters of this new venture in legislation.

Meanwhile another very important proposal has been formulated by the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare. It proposes the setting up of a National Wild Life Authority for Government control to coordinate the several interests concerned with the fauna and flora of Great Britain: such interests as agriculture, forestry, sea and freshwater fisheries, the rabbit-trapping industry, national parks, field sports, hunting, shooting, nature reserves, scientific natural history, and private parks and estates. Such a body would be based upon sound ecological knowledge, and it would promote the preservation of rare, beneficial, and aesthetically valuable species, and the control of harmful species on a quantitative and humane basis. This Central Authority for Wild Life would be responsible to Parliament through the Lord President of the Council and financed through the Privy Council, and it would have a scientific staff, its actions being based upon scientific investigation. It would advise



the Government on legislation, Orders in Council, and the administration of existing statutes. It has been suggested that this would provide Britain with something akin to the famous U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey; but it has also been pointed out that the history of that famous body has not been without examples of its faults and weaknesses which any body established for similar purposes in this country could do well to avoid. It would, in effect, culminate much of the valuable field work into the life histories of our country's animals which has for so long been the pioneer work of the Oxford University Bureau of Animal Populations, and the leading organisations of amateur field naturalists like the British Empire Naturalists' Association and the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union. There would be no political motive behind the scheme, and it could well avoid the controversial rivalry that has long existed upon these subjects with bodies like the League Against Cruel Sports, the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, and the Selborne Society on the one hand, the British Field Sports Society, the Gamekeepers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Master of Foxhounds Association on the other.

Since the demise of the veteran Victorian natural history magazine, 'The Zoologist,' whose influence was, in its time, stronger than even 'The Field' of Harting's editorship, there has been a long and unfortunate lack of encouragement of interest in the mammals of our countryside. For when, shortly before the last war, 'British Birds' magazine amalgamated with the 'Zoologist' which was finding the increasing costs of production heavy going, its stipulation was that it would continue to publish records of British birds but not of other animals. Thus there was no scientific journal for the recording of the habits of British mammals, apart from the sporting pages of 'The Field.' This was only partly remedied by the production at Cambridge University several years before this war of the 'Journal of Animal Ecology.' That, I think, together with the fact that compared with Canada, the U.S., Russia, South Africa, and India our country has relatively few wild mammals, most of which are nocturnal in their habits or elusively secreted in the wilder and less populated parts of the Highlands, Lakeland, or the Welsh hills, has been the cause of the continuance of such ideas

that badgers are vermin, that hedgehogs suck the milk from cows, that otters cause more harm than good on a fishery water, and that with the exception of game, all our four-footed creatures are vermin, fit only for the gin-trap and to swing upon the gamekeeper's gibbet. A public lecture I delivered at Carlisle Community Centre at the time of the badger controversy brought the whole-hearted support of the audience against this destruction of such beneficial animals. A month later I was standing on the North Downs in Kent when a subaltern friend stamped upon a shrew that ran from under a hedge, and exclaimed his surprise when I pointed out that it was no relation to the mouse or its destructive habits, despite a popular nickname of 'flittermouse,' and in point of fact that it was one of the most useful of small mammals about the farm.

In most parts of the country War Agricultural Committees have almost totalitarian powers concerning the land, including the destruction of any of its wild life that is accused of causing damage. There are cases where rookeries have been destroyed, and badgers, stoats, and other creatures blacklisted without any proper investigation to justify these accusations. In the majority of areas the pest officers or rodent control officers are appointed from ex-gamekeepers whose traditional bias against almost all wild creatures outside the Game Acts is the experience of all of us who have much to do with them. In many instances their work is most useful, but once they commence a campaign against a creature they seem never to call a halt. Not every creature needs the endless and ruthless campaign that must be the tactics against the control of the rat. During last year for instance the War Agricultural Committee's staff killed 641 foxes in Merionethshire and the Fox Destruction Association of that county killed 194. There were eighty-six fox-drives in which farmers, Forestry Commission workers, and four foxhound packs cooperated. Indeed, a new pack of foxhounds was formed last season, known as the Chiddingfold Farmers' Hunt, to exterminate foxes in west Surrey. The point about this fox destruction campaign is that while the extermination of foxes in various districts will save the poultry-keepers from much trouble, it will encourage a much greater trouble in the increased numbers of rabbits and rats. The fox is one of the greatest natural enemies

of the rabbit and of the rat in this country. That the red fox is vermin is proverbial. But if poultry are shut up each night early, and their houses are properly wired, they will be safe from foxes. If the fox had no useful purpose in the countryside, its extermination might be justified from a farmers' point of view; but the national campaign against the rabbit has not been a very conspicuous success, for the rabbit, with no agricultural value, is increasing again in several parts of the country where I have been situated—in Hertfordshire for instance and in many parts of Cumberland and North Riding—while the national campaign against the rat has made no progress whatsoever.

The stoat and the weasel are listed in the vermin returns of the pest officers. Truly if a 'pest' or 'vermin' is something which annoys somebody else or damages some of their property, then these creatures can be included amongst those which prey upon some aspects of the farmers' poultry keeping and upon the sportsman's gamebirds. But that is not the most broadminded or scientific consideration. We must look at both sides of the picture. The stoat, like the badger and the polecat, is bloodthirsty and as effective as any commando when its enemy is in sight. But more often than a chicken that enemy is a rabbit, or a rat, or a field-mouse. Indeed, one of the easiest ways in which one can decoy a stoat or a fox to come out into view is to imitate the scream of a rabbit in distress upon some reed whistle. The stoat and the fox are a natural brake upon the rabbit and rat population of the countryside. The reason why rabbits and rats have swarmed over our countryside to such incredible numbers is because we have reduced the number of their natural enemies by exterminating the polecat from most districts and waging a constant trapping and poisoning campaign against stoats and foxes in others. But because we have not yet exterminated the fox and the stoat we have not the absolute plague of rabbits which infests Australia. The main reason why the Carolina grey squirrel spread so rapidly over our countryside, when several pairs of these alien animals escaped from captivity, and bred in the wild was because the pine-marten, whose natural haunts were the tree-tops and whose natural prey was the squirrel, had been exterminated from all parts of the country save a few corners of North Wales, Lakeland, and Scotland. The

polecat is not yet extinct in Lakeland, for a pair has bred in the Hodder valley of North Lancashire and another was killed near Buttermere when I was in Lakeland early in the war. In North Wales it has fortunately increased during wartime's cessation of trapping on the North Wales grouse moors, and there are several polecat haunts on the hills and peat hags around Llangollen, Bettws-y-Coed, Abergele, and the Great Orme's Head. A few pine-martens also inhabit those districts. Despite the notoriety of the foulmart's odour and the fame received by almost every countryman who nowadays traps some fur-breeders' long lost fitchet and proclaims it as a polecat, this animal is relatively less destructive than the stoat and it is rare enough in most parts of the country to warrant full protection.

Is there any reason why the periodic plagues of field-mice—in the case of the short-tailed field-mouse or field-vole occurring in roughly four-year cycles of abundance—which damage many of our farmlands and forestry areas, have not been encouraged by the age-old trapping campaign against the weasel, and the persistent shooting of the kestrel-falcon and the day-flying short-eared owl? These creatures are the greatest natural enemies of the field-mouse; wherever there is a plague of field-mice, weasels, kestrels, and short-eared owls appear in greatly increased numbers. They haunt the edges of the cornfield or the threshing yard when the farm workers are driving these pests out of the grain. The weasel is too small to take any egg larger than that of a thrush and no other animal is such an inveterate destroyer of field-mice. The weasel is indeed known as the 'mouse-killer' in many lands. Is all this of less value to the nation than the very occasional pheasant chick a weasel has taken? Are we to go on losing a tenth of our crops to vermin—vermin which includes rabbits, hares, brown rats, long-tailed field-mice, short-tailed field-voles, slugs, moths and beetles of many kinds, pheasants, woodpigeons, partridge, and in parts of Scotland red deer—but not the fox, the badger, the stoat, the weasel, the hedgehog, the mole, the shrew, the bat, nor several other persecuted creatures? Is the man who kills a polecat to be heralded in the press or the public house as a hero because he has killed something that was rare, while the man who killed a nightingale

would be condemned by all? It is true that there is another extreme, the sentimental views of W. H. Hudson, which will have nothing whatever destroyed, however bad its character. And there is the business point of view, which will not exterminate rabbits, so that professional rabbit-trappers, unlike the badger, still like to leave a few rabbits to breed and preserve the rabbit-trapping industry's income for another year. Fourthly there is the sporting point of view, preserving the hares on the West Lancashire meadows at Altcar despite their immense damage to crops, so that the Waterloo Cup may be held in each of the war years.

Of over thirty British wild mammals, fifteen are worthy of legal protection for their beneficial habits—these are seven bats, three shrews, and the badger, weasel, hedgehog, stoat, and otter; eleven more are worthy of general protection because their habits are either harmless or their numbers sufficiently rare to merit protection, these being the red squirrel, the water-vole, the bank-vole, the grey seal, the common seal, the roe deer, the dormouse, the harvest-mouse, the polecat, the pine-marten, and the wild cat; six more animals require their numbers controlling when they become excessive in local areas, namely the red deer, the fallow deer, the fox, the grey squirrel, the meadow-hare, and the mountain-hare. Only six are total vermin meriting a total and ruthless campaign of destruction waged against them. These are the brown or land-rat, the black or ship-rat, the long-tailed field-mouse or wood-mouse, the short-tailed field-vole, the rabbit, and the house-mouse. Even with the latter animals, such local varieties or novelties as the St Kilda mouse, which is a variation of the house-mouse evolved from generations of isolated life under the special environment of St Kilda, the yellow-necked or De Winton's field-mouse which inhabits some of the Home Counties and as far north as Shropshire, and the Orkney and Skomer vole are always worthy of protection if their destruction can be avoided.

Let us consider these claims a little more clearly. The bats, long worthy of legal protection like the insectivorous birds, suffer under country superstition and the misnomer arising from their ancient nickname of 'flittermice.' They are no more related to the mice than are the shrews. By their teeth can the characters of most of our mammals be

judged fairly. Just as man's dentition shows him to be omnivorous in his diet and not a vegetarian, so the teeth of the bat, the hedgehog, and the shrew prove that they feed upon soft insect food, while the teeth of the mouse, the rat, the rabbit, and the hare indicate at once their destructive vegetarian diet. In Texas several years ago bats were not only granted legal protection but special bat roosts like dove-cotes were erected to encourage them. This was because of their value in destroying mosquitoes. In this country all our bats are insectivorous. The fruit-eating bats and the blood-sucking vampires do not inhabit our land. A captured bat may nip the fingers of its tormentor, and who would blame it for such spirit? But no bat that enters the open window deliberately entangles itself in some lady's hair. Often in the summer sunshine I have watched the Noctule, our largest British bat, catching beetles as they fly on the wing, while the roosts of our common pipistrelle and long-eared bats are usually first located by the accumulation of moth wings that litter the ground below. These originate from the bat's habit of returning to its favourite place in order to hang upside down by its hind legs and eat the body of its moth or beetle victim, leaving the wings. An examination of these moth wings shows that the majority are common garden or woodland pests. The bats also destroy vast numbers of gnats. In fact they continue by night the good work of the insectivorous birds. The horseshoe bats, which I have found in the limestone caves of Yorkshire and North Wales are equipped with an ugly ring of skin above the nose, supposed to resemble the shape of a horseshoe, which enables them to sense their way through the pitch dark of the midnight. Most of the other bats fly only in the two twilights at dusk and dawn.

The shrews may not be quite so useful as the bats, for a large part of their food comprises earthworms, yet with hedgehogs and moles they kill large numbers of slugs, millipedes, grubs, caterpillars, and small insect pests generally for they are mainly nocturnal in habits like the creatures they feed upon. The experiments and investigations of the Midland Agricultural College, chiefly in Lincolnshire, have shown that far more field crops are destroyed by slugs than farmers appreciate; often the damage greatly exceeds that caused by insect pests



although most of the damage slugs do to crops is attributed to insect pests. The claims that the hedgehogs are breaking and sucking pheasant and poultry eggs are too few and trivial to merit consideration in view of the animal's value as a destroyer of slugs and snails. But experience has shown one that both hedgehogs and moles will disturb a lot of plants in their search for these things.

The case for the otter has been placed very ably by many sportsmen-naturalists since the days of the great Charles St John on the Findhorn. The otter eats trout. No naturalist ever denied that. But its chief food consists of eels, and as anglers well know, the eel is a scourge to most salmon and trout streams, devouring vast numbers of eggs and fry. In lakes the otter feeds also on perch and other fish; but it is the slower, more sickly fish which fall prey to it, and the faster, gamier fish escape, so that the predatory habits of the otter tend to preserve a high sporting standard amongst the fish by weeding out the weakly stock and the eels.

There are several herds of wild red deer in England, notably in Somerset and Lakeland, and these are generally under control. When I was camping in Martindale deer forest, beside Ullswater, last winter, the keeper of this, the only natural deer forest in England preserved in true Highland style, told me they had shot a dozen stags and a score of hinds last year. The famous deer herd of Knowsley Park in Lancashire, like that of many an English estate, has been reduced considerably in numbers but not exterminated. The little roe deer, which is a nocturnal woodlander roaming about in pairs or small family parties instead of herds, still inhabits several woods in the Home Counties—I found it this year in coverts in Hertfordshire and Essex, as well as in Lakeland, where last year I found several in the Eden Valley woods, and even as near Carlisle as Thurstonfield Loch. The deer controllers who reduce the numbers of red deer when stags and hinds are causing damage to crops need have little concern for any damage by the roe deer, which could, one hopes, survive the war.

The position of the seals is that their effect upon the fisheries, like that of the otters inhabiting the sea-caves of rocky North Wales and the Western isles of Scotland, and the cormorants and the gulls, is negligible. Where these

creatures have been persecuted, often ruthlessly—for instance the notorious shooting of common seals in The Wash, the placing of a bounty upon the heads of cormorants on the Cornish coast, and the burning of their nests with young on the Mayo coast—have failed to produce any improvement in the local fisheries. The fisheries' deterioration in any area where complaints arise is usually due to overfishing. The control of pollution in our rivers would increase the stock of fish more than any campaign to exterminate the otters, seals, herons, and kingfishers.

The habits of the native red or brown squirrel are probably no more useful than those of the alien grey squirrel, but the latter is much more numerous in the southern and midland parts of England where the more attractive red squirrel gains popular sentiment by its scarcity and not a little prejudice against the grey squirrel because it is an alien. But in several parts of Scotland the red squirrel is common and the grey squirrel is scarce, and forestry officers have to reduce the numbers of squirrels in order to check the damage to the shoots of trees. The red squirrel is common in several parts of Lakeland and North Wales and there is no support for the popular belief that the more robust, alien grey squirrel persecuted and drove out the red squirrel from most of its English haunts. The red squirrel had become scarce from man's persecution and probably also its own biological cycles of abundance and scarcity long before the grey squirrel appeared in such numbers. I have known several woods, like the Old Dalby woods in North Leicestershire, where the two sorts lived amicably together.

Many people are prejudiced against alien creatures in the British countryside, the grey squirrel in particular. But if it were not so numerous, and thereby of no more consequence to agriculture and forestry than the red squirrel, we could tolerate the grey squirrel on our British fauna. Truly the two rats of our country are aliens from Asia, but the rabbit is also an alien in our countryside. So is the lovely fallow deer which inhabits the New Forest, the Epping Forest, and many parts of the Wyre valley. So is the carp which provides summer sport for the angler at the lake: the rainbow trout for which the Conway and Lake Vyrnwy have long been famous: and the Canada Goose which nests wild on the waters of Holkham in

Norfolk and Knowsley in Lancashire. There are several alien animals which are still uncommon but interesting occupants of our countryside. A number of herds of wild goats—feral forms of domestic goats—have bred for generations on the inaccessible summits of the mountains of North Wales and Scotland, usually led by a grand old Billy with a head of horns that would be the pride of any trophy-hunter. The squirrel-tailed dormouse inhabits several of the Home Counties, having established itself from original escapes from Tring.

The greatest tragedy of the 'vermin' campaign against our useful mammals is the cruelty and wastefulness of the gin-trap method. The campaign that trapped the harmful muskrat out of the country killed ten times more moorhens, redshanks, water-voles, and other interesting creatures than muskrats. Even kingfishers were caught in muskrat traps set in Scotland. The gassing of rabbits has never been popular with rabbit-trappers because its extermination is too complete. It leaves no stock to breed for next year's business. Singularly enough it is most successful in rat-control which has only the debit side to its work.

ERIC HARDY.

#### Art. 9.—FRANCE'S HOME WAR.

'AN officer dined with us last Sunday and told us he didn't believe a word of what the papers say of the Resistance in France, or even a word about the cruelty of the Germans.' Inquiry showed that the officer referred to in the letter quoted, written in March of this year, was one of those employed by ABCA, or the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, which by lectures and by its fortnightly review, 'Current Affairs'—a distinctly hush-hush affair, marked 'not to be communicated, either directly or indirectly, to the Press'—claims to enlighten the army concerning events and conditions on the Continent it was presently to invade.

The matter of German cruelty may be dealt with by others. The purpose here is to show what is the truth

about, and what is the nature of the resistance about which this officer boasted of not believing a word. Evidence of French resistance is indeed so manifold and so overpowering that to insist on evidence of facts so notorious may seem redundant. Nevertheless opinions or, to speak plainly, prejudices like that cited are still prevalent in many quarters and, it is particularly regrettable, among army officers. I therefore give four recent pieces of evidence. Three of them come from the enemy, who cannot be suspected of ignorance nor, in this matter, of bad faith; the fourth from a British officer:

(1) *March 16, 1944.* Philippe Henriot [the principal Vichy spokesman of Germany] stated that the chiefs of the resistance in France had been arrested, that the 'G.H.Q. of the Army of Resistance had been captured,' and that 'the *maquis*' plans for future campaigning were in the hands of the police' (Radio-Paris). Henriot's statement was totally untrue. It nevertheless constitutes striking testimony from Henriot and his masters to the existence of such chiefs and such an organisation.

(2) *April 14, 1944.* 9,000 bomb outrages have taken place in factories and farms in France in the last three months. During the same time there were 800 attempts against railways and road convoys, and 150 town halls were attacked. In addition 3,500 granaries were set on fire, and 905 people killed, including 750 policemen (Radio-Paris).

(3) *May 23, 1944.* The French railway system is in complete chaos . . . Experienced squads of saboteurs have blown up railway tracks and directed attacks on goods trains. . . . Saboteurs have also put out of action the whole hydro-electric system in France (Radio-Paris).

This is completely decisive evidence. It is incontrovertible. It comes from witnesses who, if they could, had every reason to suppress or deny the facts. It is proof of the existence, not of isolated or sporadic events, but of organised and virtually universal resistance.

(4) Let us now call a British eye-witness; Brigadier James Hargest, who had just escaped across France to England. 'The French,' he says, 'are fighting the enemy all the time. When the men are called up for labour service in Germany, most of them refuse. In one district of High Savoy out of 4,500 men who were called up only

eleven appeared at the police station. The rest are in the *maquis*. I met men of the resistance movement: fine, tough-looking fellows who fight and destroy and go on destroying; only they haven't enough weapons to fight with. But with what they have they blow up trains and throw bombs into German billets and cinemas. Even while I was there, trains I was on were twice held up by derailments. And one night an express was blown up and forty people were killed, half of them French. It was a pity, they said, this losing of French lives; but it was inevitable, and what mattered was that the twenty Germans had been killed. . . . In the past I have been an unfair critic of the French. I really believed they were effete, that they just gave up in 1940 and became apathetic. This is all wrong, and from my experience I know now that a whole lot of my other preconceived ideas about France were wrong too. They sheltered me and guided me, and refused to take anything in return . . . although I felt they would be going without after I had gone. . . . And I keep hearing these words they used to say to me so often when I was thanking them or saying good-bye: "It is nothing—it is for France" ('The Listener,' March 2, 1944).

Brigadier Hargest's testimony needs no comment.

Resistance in France began almost as soon as the war effort of the Free French outside. The fatal month of June 1940 was hardly out before Frenchmen were helping British raiders on the soil of France and, escaping from their own country to ours, were planning from here attacks on military and industrial organisations seized by the Germans there. Their clear-sighted patriotism was soon complemented by a corresponding effort within France itself, directed against the enemy from inside his lines and bending the strength of French domestic life to resist his domination. When the time came to coordinate effort from within, report was made: The work is already proceeding on a sure basis—all we need do is to make contact. So contact was made, and kept. Resistance had come into being of itself, a spontaneous manifestation of the will, first of hundreds, then of thousands, then of hundreds of thousands, then of millions of men and women to be free from an alien yoke or to die in the attempt. This has been France's home war.

Resistance in France began in a way very interesting as an illustration of a trait in her sincerely democratic people. It began with the printing of clandestine papers. But first there is a point to be considered that emerges from the necessities imposed by geography, that mistress of all human destiny. When English people think of resistance to the enemy, they think for the most part of guerilla warfare, of partisans engaged in armed conflict, of skirmishes, of retreats into impenetrable lairs. This may be a picture largely true of Poland with its immense forests and sparse lines of communication on which punitive columns operate with difficulty; still more of Yugoslavia with its mountains and long tradition of border warfare. But it is not true of countries like France and Belgium where natural fastnesses for armed bands are few, precarious, and can be isolated with relative ease. The roads of France, famous as the finest in the world, can quickly bear enemy troops to attack and to surround if not crush armed resistance. The fight of the men of the *maquis*, whose exploits have rightly roused us to growing enthusiasm for months past, has been a result rather than a cause of the main resistance movement. The *maquis* is the backwoods of the Corsican mountains, the scrub to which bandits or men involved in a family vendetta took to evade capture or vengeance. Thus when Frenchmen hunted by the German Gestapo or the ersatz Gestapo of Vichy, or determined to avoid being drafted to forced labour in Germany sought refuge in the mountains of Savoy, the Jura, and the Massif Central with its offshoots, they too were said to take to the *maquis*. They are gallant, resolute men who have organised their struggle in notable fashion, have inflicted serious damage on the German military machine and still more on the German-controlled political machine of Pétain, Laval and Co., and have inspired in a high degree the morale of the French nation. No praise could be too great for them, or honour too high. But the most vital part of the work of resistance and its most brilliant and lasting success have been achieved by the men, and women too, who organised and carried out resistance in the great cities or the towns of France, under the very noses of the armed invader and the traitorous oppressor. This has been a subterranean



warfare, in which each captain and each private has risked all at every moment and in which the least slip or the merest ill-chance means instant disaster. The coolness of nerve, the steely courage of men fighting gun in hand must be intensified in our imagination a hundred times before we can picture the temper of leaders and followers in this dark and ceaseless underground war. In war, no less in underground than in open war, victory flows from organisation. It is in the towns of France, in cellars and garrets, in schools and churches and hospitals and factories and cafés, in little shops and in fine flats, that the men of the resistance have organised the victory of France with an ardour and a devotion no less than those of their comrades of Fighting France in the firing line. This is so true that they have for the past three months been recognised by the French National Committee—now the Provisional Government of France—as being on the same footing as the regular army. To bring help to the resistance was officially stated on May 10, 1944 to be the Committee's first object.

Newspapers, then, were the seed of resistance. Their importance can be gauged by the fact that from a few struggling sheets—literally sheets, typewritten or roneoed, distributed among a few friends—the clandestine press of France has so multiplied that now there can be counted 230 separate papers, over 80 of which have real importance, with a daily circulation of over one million and a half. The number of readers is put at eight million. The biggest of these papers, such as 'Liberation,' 'Combat,' and 'Franc-Tireur,' have given their names to whole resistance groups. Such astonishing perfection has their technique of production and distribution attained that in July 1941 'La France' was openly sold at the stations of the métro in Paris. An even higher pitch was touched when, on Dec. 30 last, a whole number of the 'Nouvelliste' of Lyons, a daily paper published and authorised for sale in that city, was composed and printed there by the united resistance groups, in the exact form and style of the legitimate journal, but containing true news of the resistance and of the war, and was successfully distributed in the Lyons district, while the lawful issue was totally suppressed. The effect of such a daring stroke both in bringing true news to the people of Lyons and in flouting

the Germans and Vichy was clearly a piece of propaganda of incalculable value. Yet it would be wrong to think of the main value of the clandestine press from a propaganda point of view. Its success has derived less from any attempt to woo readers to the opinions expressed in the papers than from the fact that even in these papers' humblest origins they expressed what a large majority of Frenchmen already felt and were only waiting to have said. This explains the rapid growth of their circulation; it explains also the failure of the authorities in combating them. Thousands of patriots are engaged in their distribution, a familiar method being for one person to take twenty or thirty copies of an issue concealed in books or in a marketing basket and to leave them in telephone kiosks, at post-offices, or to drop them into letter-boxes of flats. Of all the papers issuing from more than thirty secret printing presses in different parts of France, none was more moving than the 'Patriote,' written by hand in a prisoner of war camp; it was written by men condemned to death, and each issue was in a different hand.

This effect of the clandestine press was like a growing snowball. Individual readers of one paper made contact with other readers and formed a resistance group; those groups made contact with other groups; the leaders of groups in one region with those in another: until when the time came for opinion to be translated into action, a whole chain of groups had come into being under leaders whom their members trusted, ready for concerted operations. Without the influence and the effort of the clandestine press, it may be that no effective resistance movement could ever have taken root. That the effort was not made without sacrifice goes without saying. No list of those gallant journalists who died at their posts can be given till after the war, but it is known that the whole staff of 'Pantagruel' and the publishers of 'Les Petites Ailes,' the first clandestine paper to appear, and the printers of 'Liberation' have been executed.

The date of the inception of resistance in France, as distinguished from unorganised resentment and frustrated patriotism, was Nov. 11, 1940. On the first Armistice Day, after the great betrayal by Marshal Pétain and his consorts, the people of Paris defiled in silence before the statue of Clemenceau in the Champs Elysées, and as they

defiled each person laid a bunch of flowers at the base of the statue. A curious point: those present on that day cannot now say how the idea of this grand gesture was born. Was some direction given by the Free French radio? Or was it a mystical urge that sent Parisians to do homage to France's great leader in the last war? However that may be, their collective gesture first revealed to those taking part in it their solidarity with thousands of fellow-countrymen. Before, each man was individual in his suffering and his longing; now all were merged in a common aim. That spark of spiritual union welded the heart of Paris into steel. From that moment the sense of organised resistance lived. Then, after the homage done to Clemenceau, the students of the University of Paris advanced in orderly ranks up the Champs Elysées to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier that is under the Arc de Triomphe. They were opposed by the police. They refused to be diverted from their purpose. The police were reinforced by German soldiers. Still the students insisted. Then the Germans fired into their midst, strewing the ground with dead and wounded. That was the first public shedding of blood in the resistance. The news of it rushed through France like a mighty wind, shrieking for vengeance. Gone was the German bluff of 'correctness' and 'protection' and 'new order.' The butcher stood starkly forth. The blood then shed cemented the resistance into a wall, every stone of which has held firmly against insidious offer and brutal assault, a wall that with the passage of four terrible years has only grown higher and longer and stronger.

The two chief centres of the resistance have all along been Paris and Lyons. Grenoble and Nantes and other towns too have earned imperishable fame by the exploits of their resistance groups. But those two great cities, true to their historic destiny as hearths of turbulent revolt, have remained the keystones of the edifice. There is a parallel to be drawn between the 'levée en masse' and the cry of 'la Patrie en Danger!' of the French Revolution and the spirit of resistance in France of to-day when the movement definitely ceased to have a static value and went into action as an armed force. This was in March 1942. By this time the resistance movement had crystallised into eight principal groups: Combat,

Franc-Tireur, Liberation, Front National, Ceux de la Resistance, Ceux de la Liberation, Liberation Nord, Organisation Civile et Militaire. A Committee of National Resistance to direct operations was nominated, the three first-named, easily the largest among them, being welded into one body, styled MUR for short: *le Mouvement Uni de la Résistance*. The committee has two sections: the Central Executive Committee and the General Organisation Committee. The latter undertook the maintenance of communications with the outside world, principally with London and later Algiers. The former is divided into five commissions: Military Commission, Commission for the Maquis, Political Commission, and Commissions for Propaganda and Diffusion, each comprising several divisions. Among these may be mentioned the Social Division, which helps resisters in prison, Finance, Liaison, Recruiting, Immediate Action, which directly carries out acts of sabotage and the suppression of condemned collaborators, and of Infiltration, which directs the introduction of patriots into the Vichy Civil Service and the professions. The whole movement composes a fighting machine classified under two heads: the Secret Army and Groups of Direct Action.

The Secret Army is the potential mobilisation of resisters. In March 1942 this army was divided into regions, each unit in a region consisting first of six, now of thirty men. Each region is separated from the others. Even the regional leaders are ignorant of the identity of the leaders in other regions; the divisions and units in them subject to the orders of the regional leader are equally separate from other divisions and units. All orders come from the C.N.R., whose members are unknown even to the regional leaders, through an unknown staff. Thus, in the event of the arrest of an important leader, as also in that of an individual resister, the possible damage is reduced to a minimum, since even under torture no man can reveal secrets of an organisation that he does not know. Torture is freely practised on those arrested, even on women, and is of a barbarity previously unknown in modern Europe. Therefore all resisters who can carry poison on their person do so, and when they have the chance in a hopeless situation take it. It is by no means always that they have the chance. The cadres of the

secret army were recruited from ex-officers and non-commissioned officers of the French army. At the outset weak and sadly lacking in money and arms, it has latterly been supplied until it now constitutes a serious, perhaps vital, reinforcement to Allied operations, including French, directed from without. Its rôle was not to enter into action until these should have begun. In May of this year its effectives were estimated at 175,000. By the time these lines are in print, the moment for action should have arrived. Until then, military operations within France were executed by the Groups of Direct Action, also under the command of the secret staff, directed by the C.N.R. Where possible, all orders were delivered verbally. Papers were reduced to a minimum; the boast of Philippe Henriot that the documents of the resistance G.H.Q. had been captured could not in any case have been true, since no such collection of documents existed.

Radio-Paris, quoted above, gave the amazing figure of over 10,000 for the acts of sabotage and the executions performed by the groups of direct action in the three months down to April 14 of this year. Apart from the immobilisation of German and germanised Vichy forces detached to combat the *maquis* in the south and south-east of France, it is plain that these have constituted serious loss and embarrassment to the enemy. Many of the more important acts of sabotage have been reported in the press, such as the destruction of the gas works and two electric power stations, the German barracks and a depot of munitions at Grenoble on Nov. 13 and 14 and Dec. 2, 1943, for which the city of Grenoble was decorated by the French National Committee. Over 180 tons of explosives were blown up or rendered useless, 10 anti-tank guns, 80 cars, and a vast stock of spare artillery parts were destroyed, 200 German soldiers were killed and 550 wounded. But more important even than a single spectacular feat like this has been the constant stream of such acts, the volume of which is frankly staggering. Statistics, other than those given by the enemy, are naturally incomplete, but so far as they go are compiled from sources of absolute reliability. For instance, in the month of November 1943, 809 acts are known to have been carried out, or nearly 27 per day. This figure is composed as follows: execution of Germans, 48; execution of

traitors, 119 ; attacks on food stores, capture of ration cards, etc., 79 ; acts of industrial sabotage, 184 ; sabotage on railways, 338 ; on canals, 2 ; agricultural sabotage, 39. It would be too long to give details of even a single day's work, but some specimens may be taken from the day of November 11, when 43 separate acts in widely different places were recorded :

At Conflans-sur-Seine (Marne), the dam on the Seine was breached by two explosions, involving the interruption of navigation during three weeks. A barge was sunk at Pont-sur-Seine and five others seriously damaged at Troyes.

At Maubeuge (Nord), an explosion destroyed three ventilators in the Fonderies de Maubeuge : work indefinitely interrupted.

At Gigny-sur-Saône a group of eight patriots cut telephone and electric light wires, overpowered two gendarmes on duty, and blew up a dam on the river making a breach of 30 ft. : navigation interrupted over a long period.

At Brive (Corèze) a 50-ton crane working at the station was blown up and the telephone installation wrecked.

At Entraygues (Var) a hydro-electric power station was blown up : impossible to repair under several months.

Sabotage on the railways has all along been widespread. In the middle of May 1944, 500 locomotives had within a short space of time been put out of action on the P.L.M. system alone. When Mme Aubrac, a brilliant leader of the resistance of whom further mention is made below, was asked whether the engine drivers and other railway servants were not upset by the constant sabotage on their lines, she answered : ' Upset ? But don't you understand ? It is always from one of them that we know the exact time at which to expect the train on which he will be ! '

So the tale goes on daily, north, south, east, and west. One of the most vital functions of the direct action groups will be when the secret army shall be fighting in cooperation with the allied forces in France, but behind the German lines, for it will then be their task to prevent by counter-sabotage German destruction of sewers, water mains, and other services, and of public buildings. The success achieved at Odessa by partisans shows what can



be done in this line. It should be still greater in France. Meanwhile not one of these acts is committed save as planned and when ordered by the C.N.R.; thus, last November, an attack was to be made on a munitions train when at the last moment it was learnt that repatriated French prisoners of war were to be on the train, and the C.N.R. called the attack off. In September an official report to Vichy from the South of France states: 'The resistance has gained more ground and tends to become general. The policy of the Government is more and more condemned. There is a tendency to substitute for legal authority that of the Committees of Resistance which gain partisans in all classes.' And further: 'The audacity, determination, and imposing effectives of heavily armed bands, the series of executions of all sorts, create a very grave situation. . . . Communist propaganda continues to show itself in the guise of an uncompromising nationalism.' It could not be more clearly admitted, what indeed is borne out by the evidence of all witnesses, that Communists and Nationalists are at one in the resistance, as are the peasants and the factory workers. There can be no question but that within the movement politics, as the word is commonly understood, does not exist. All parties and all classes in France have submerged their differences in a common burning desire to save their country. This is not to say that all men from all classes have acted patriotically; obviously not, otherwise resistance would have been total. Generally it may be said that the great industrialists have a bad record, particularly the silk manufacturers of Lyons, *les soyeux*, or 'silkie', as they are called, who flung themselves with avidity on the bounty of German orders for parachutes, amounting, till raw material dwindled, to six tons per day. Yet even there exceptions are found, and one manufacturer with a famous name has throughout acted hand in glove with the resisters. Many small industrialists have behaved with courage and have rendered manful help. The medical profession as a whole, too. Doctors are precious not only for their personal skill, but because they have professional reasons for going anywhere and seeing anyone, and have leave to keep their motor cars, run of course on gas-producer sets, petrol save for the German authorities being non-existent.

An especially important section of the work accomplished by the direct action groups have been the attacks, mentioned in that revealing broadcast of Radio-Paris, on *mairies*. It is in the *mairies* that are kept the *fichiers*, or files containing the lists of names for call up, sometimes directly for forced labour in Germany, sometimes nominally for service in France, but in reality with the same ulterior object: thus, in January 1944, Sauckel's chief assistant wrote an order to Vichy demanding the call up of the 1945 class, that is, of all men born in 1925. The destruction of these *fichiers* has been the object of the attacks on the *mairies*, and has been achieved on a wide scale. In April of this year all the principal *fichiers* in Paris were destroyed. Six months, it was calculated, were required to replace them; during those six months the young men whose names were on the list were free.

Brigadier Hargest is not the only Englishman to owe his life and liberty to French resisters. Our gratitude to them must be eternal for help rendered to British airmen who have baled out over France. Despite the death penalty inflicted on all who should succour our men, they are taken in by French patriots, hidden and clothed and fed when food and clothing are lacking to the French themselves, and finally passed from farm to farm, village to village, hideout to hideout, until they escape from the country. On an average one airman per day has thus been saved and has thus escaped. It is hard to think of a more precious aid to our war effort or of a more direct blow dealt to Germany.

At what a price this whole magnificent work of national resistance has been accomplished is told by figures the source of which cannot be revealed, but of which I can guarantee the authenticity. Down to the end of November 1943, the total number of Frenchmen shot in Paris and the Paris region since the armistice was not less than 76,000, that for the whole of France 40,000 more. In Jan. 30, 1944 the total number of those in German concentration camps and prisons in France was 312,000. Those who die, offer themselves with noble consciousness of their act. A simple peasant, before being shot, wrote: 'O my field, O my barn, O my oxen, I take leave of you. But I regret nothing.'

A British Minister, it is said, complained that the

names of the new Frenchmen carrying out at Algiers the policy of the Committee of National Resistance were unknown to him. Of course they were. Until they came out of France, either because of need outside France for men trusted by the C.N.R., or because by reason of work done in France they were too closely tracked by the Germans to be able to operate longer, these names were unknown even to Frenchmen. They are all young or youngish middle life; elder men would have succumbed under the strain. Their work was of the highest public value, but it had to be done in utter secrecy; most of them while doing it were strangers even to the others. But some names can be mentioned. That, for instance, of Professor Hauriou, who held a chair of Law in the University of Toulouse, now one of the leaders of the Assembly at Algiers. He escaped one night, after an abortive attempt on the eve, known to the Germans. The plan was recast in a different place. This time the means of transport provided stuck in the mud. But peasants nearby brought up teams of oxen and, while others blocked the approaching roads against a possible raid, dragged the vehicle out; so the getaway was accomplished. That of M. François Forestier, who has since given over the wireless instructions to his comrades still in France how to behave in every situation of personal danger, in which he himself lived for over three years. Those of M. Emmanuel d'Astier, now Commissioner for the Interior at Algiers, and of M. Henri Fresnay, known as two of the most daring directors of the action groups. Those of Colonel de Bois Lambert and of Lieutenant Simon, nicknamed 'le Roi du Maquis' in Savoy, treacherously wounded by a Vichy officer who proposed to negotiate with him and captured by the Germans, but released by his own men disguised as Gestapo agents. Those of Mme Albrecht and Mme 'Faston,' who refused to leave France, preferring to work till the end, and were taken and shot by the Germans. Some of these men I have met within a week of their arrival from France, and I have seen that instinctive movement known to all who have been hunted by murderous enemies when a motor car stopped at the door. One of them had been caught and was in prison awaiting identification. The C.N.R. got a message in, telling him to sham ill; he was transferred to the prison infirmary.

That evening, a Vichy commissary of police, accompanied by two armed Gestapo men appeared: 'Follow us.' Resistance was hopeless and he went. As he got into one of the two waiting Gestapo cars, he suddenly noticed that his guards were armed with Sten guns. The party was one of friends, perfectly camouflaged, and before the car was round the next corner, he had pressed into his hands a package of forged identity papers and a life history of the personality he thenceforth assumed.

But of all the exploits that can be revealed, one to the credit of Mme Aubrac is surely the most astounding. A young mother, tall, fair, smiling, lecturer at a lycée or, as we should say, a high school, Mme Lucie Aubrac was one of the first half-dozen active resisters in France. Having finished her apprenticeship in distributing newspapers and sticking up on walls appeals and anti-German proclamations, Mme Lucie Aubrac became the leader of an action group. The story is how she rescued her husband, now a member of the resistance group in the Consultative Assembly at Algiers. Not once indeed, but thrice. First, by a trick she succeeded in getting him out of a prisoner of war camp. Then when, after months of work in the resistance, M. Aubrac was arrested by the Vichy police, his wife performed a similar feat to that described above, going to the prison with men of her group in the character of Gestapo agents and carrying him off. Unluckily within a few weeks M. Aubrac was arrested again, this time by the genuine Gestapo, and condemned to be shot within forty-eight hours. Mme Aubrac, herself actively sought by the Germans who had discovered her activities, went under an assumed name to the Gestapo H.Q. She was expecting the birth of a child and she told a piteous tale. She said she was not married and the father of her baby was a wicked rake held by the Germans in prison and about to be shot for his ill-deeds. She was of a family of the strictest principles, she said, and if she became an unmarried mother her parents would cast her off. She must marry her seducer before his execution! He no longer interested her personally in the least. Let him die, but the Germans would never be so incorrect as to force a guiltless girl into a position of shame! All she asked, and she begged and supplicated them for it, was she might be lawfully married to the scoundrel before he

died. Happily M. Aubrac had succeeded in concealing his real name, otherwise the fact that he was already married would have come out. In the end tears and prayers prevailed. The prisoner should be taken to the nearest *mairie* at a certain hour next day to be married, and then brought back to be shot. The supposed 'demoiselle' left the prison in floods of tears and gratitude at being saved from dishonour. Once outside, the hour for the ceremony being thus fixed, Mme Aubrac and her group studied the route from the prison to the *mairie*, and next day held up the car conveying her husband. While members of her group disposed of the three German guards, she herself shot the driver of the car with a Tommy-gun concealed under her cloak and drove her husband off to an appointed spot. Later he was smuggled away and so out of France. The next night she followed. Two days after her arrival in England her baby was safely born.

Such feats not only give an inkling of the daily drama of the resisters' lives, but also prove the degree of skill and organisation, hardly credible if it were not true, which they have reached. I know of a telegram sent secretly out of prison in France by a resister and received in London within twenty-four hours. The telegraph does not always work so quickly, but enough despatches get through for the Germans to have over 200 radiogonometric cars on the roads, constantly searching for hidden wireless transmitter posts. Sheer impudence, plus skill, often does the trick. M. Edmond Louveau, formerly administrator in French West Africa, arrested by orders of the sinister Boisson at Dakar, was spirited out of prison at Riom where all the police and guards had been warned of an attempt at escape, by having slipped in to him keys of a passage leading from the prison to the law courts. Men of the resistance had taken moulds of the keys and made duplicates; the prison was watched, not the law courts; all that M. Louveau had to do was to unlock the iron gates of the passage, walk calmly through and step into a stolen Gestapo car driven by his friends.

Politics do not exist in the resistance movement. Parties do still exist, and among them members of the Communist party and the C.G.T.—the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, far more a purely political body than our T.U.C.—have been among the most stalwart of

resisters. But once the liberation of France shall have been achieved, and the country have chosen its new form of government, the activity of political parties will inevitably revive. It is then that the resistance movement may, and probably will, exercise decisive influence. The men of the resistance are determined that France shall not fall back into the welter of political intrigue, base ambition, and personal greed that progressively reduced the nation during the last fifteen years of the Third Republic to impotence. This they publicly profess. They mean to put their profession into practice. Certain interested persons and theorists unable to cast their eyes beyond the horizon of the old Chamber of Deputies have raised the cry that the resisters are preparing a new fascism. Nothing could be further from the truth. As M. Louis Marin, leader of an important moderate group in that chamber, one of the few remaining great parliamentarians from the era of Poincaré whose Minister he was, said on escaping to England in April of this year, after ceaseless opposition to Vichy and to Germany, no honest man of sense could suppose that France, after four years' subjection to a double despotism, that of Hitler superimposed on that of Pétain, would submit to a dictatorial regime whether from the Right or from the Left. What those fearful of such a prospect forget is that, after the liberation, the majority of Frenchmen and of Frenchwomen, who will then obtain the vote, will be the personnel of the resistance. All discussion of the legal basis of the National Committee and the Consultative Assembly at Algiers is beside the point. It is the French nation, in France, that will decide, and the French nation is the Resistance. That will be the new broom.

Therefore it behoves Great Britain, as the power which, if we prize our freedom and the peace of the world, must fully cooperate with the France of to-morrow, to tread warily in our dealing with these new men. They have youth with them, they will have experience ten times tried in the furnace. They will be strongly nationalist. They will have wide progressive ideas. They will be highly sensitive. They may be intolerant. They will forgive our mistakes, but they will not overlook non-comprehension. And mistakes there have been. There was too much pre-invasion ballyhoo, if the word may be passed,



justly stigmatised by the Bishop of Winchester on May 11 last, dating back even to those egregious wireless appeals of 'Colonel Britain,' to the keener exasperation of French nerves. There was a period of weeks, happily ended by the interview between Mr Churchill and General de Gaulle at Marrakesh, during which no funds could be transmitted from England to the resistance, though money was urgently needed for the support of families of men in it and for the purchase of supplies in the *maquis*. There has been inaccurate bombing by some Allied squadrons of points that could have been better dealt with by furnishing more explosives to the direct action groups, to which the attention of Mr Murphy was pointedly drawn by M. Henri Fresnay. This too has been, in part at least, remedied, and the Paris correspondent of the 'Hamburger Fremdenblatt' complained on May 6 last that British planes were 'parachuting arms and provisions.' There was the withdrawal of cipher facilities from the French, which convulsed and momentarily almost paralysed the resistance, deprived of rapid communication with Algiers through London. There is the failure to respond to the fervid appeal of the Committee of National Resistance on April 10, 1944, and published in London a month later, for the recognition of the French National Committee in Algiers as the Government of France, a failure probably not due to British faults of policy.

Nevertheless, as again M. Louis Marin has said, the joy engendered by freedom rewon should sweep away all causes of irritation. What we have to guard is the future, and the future peace and prosperity of Europe must largely depend on the degree in which we can inculcate belief in our integrity, our goodwill, and our sincere desire for cooperation with them in the men who yesterday composed the Resistance of France and to-morrow will be France herself.

JOHN POLLOCK.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

**History of Chios.** H. Giustiniani.

Edited by Philip P. Argenti.

**Maisky.** George Bilainkin.

**Anglo-Russian Relations, 1689-**

1943. Sir J. A. R. Marriott.

**A Shorter History of Science.**

Sir W. Dampier.

**Rational Medicine.** Basil Graves.

**Let This be the Last War.** M.

Straight.

**Why Don't we Learn from History.** Captain Liddell Hart.

**Thoughts on War.** Captain Liddell Hart.

**War Factory.** 'Mass Observation.'

**Ramsay Muir: An Autobiography**

**and Some Essays.** Edited by Stuart Hodgson.

**India in Outline.** Lady Hartog.

**HIERONIMO GIUSTINIANI'S 'History of Chios,'** edited with an introduction by Philip P. Argenti (Cambridge University Press) has hitherto been known only from a French version published in 1586. Dr Argenti after much research discovered the original Italian manuscript, which is about three times as long as the French version, in the State Archives at Rome; he here prints the complete text with a short introduction and a few notes correcting the most obvious errors of the Italian scribe. Hieronimo was an official at the court of Charles IX, King of France, and his father, he tells us, had been French ambassador to the Sultan. He evidently knew the island well, and he began recording his information for the benefit of the French geographer Thevet. No doubt he thought it the part of a gentleman to embed his facts about Chios in a stuffing of general knowledge and edification. Thus in Book Two, beginning with a sober account of the situation of the chief towns on the island, he is soon involved in a discussion about river gold, with quotations from Aristotle and Diodorus Siculus; and then a promising note on the promenade, where the young people of the town used to take the air and dance at Carnival time, is interrupted by an excursus on ancient dances, on David dancing before the Ark, on ritual dancing in the Armenian liturgy, on other dances mentioned in the Bible and in antiquity, on French popular dances at Parisian fairs and round St John's fires, on the custom in all ages of passing children through the fire, on gipsy superstitions, with a little more about modern Greek dances, on Northern fire dances and on rope and sword dances, leading to something about the curious ceremonies used for bringing rain in Cyprus, at Naples, and at Toulouse, which recall the miracle of the

Cross at Apamea (from Evagrius), the miracle of the Holy Image at Edessa, and the general virtues of prayer (four pages), compared with oaths and blood bonds among the Caramans, the Tartars, and the Mingrelians, and with the sign of the Cross in the Old Testament. At this rate it is evident that out of Giustiniani's thirteen books (amounting to more than 150,000 words) there must be about two books of descriptive history and two of miscellaneous folklore, all deserving the most serious consideration, to four of antiquarian chatter and five of theological discourse. It is only necessary here to draw the attention of specialists to the interest and value of this Italian text, and to express the thanks of the learned world to Dr Argenti (and also to the Cambridge University Press) for such a faithful and generous publication.

Mr George Bilainkin's '**Maisky**' (Allen and Unwin) is really a study of Anglo-Russian relations since 1918 rather than a biography, though of course Monsieur Maisky necessarily plays a leading part in the story. The book is interesting and useful and has been written with great care and skill, but it is very markedly special pleading. In all our relations with Soviet Russia all our mistakes, not only minor instances of tactlessness but major faults of misunderstanding and error in action, are heavily emphasised: of Russia's mistakes hardly anything is said. The scales are weighted against us and our Government throughout, and yet the hostility felt against the Soviet was not without very intelligible cause. But how could anyone gather this from Mr Bilainkin's book? For instance, how can it be fair to refer to hostility to Russia after 1918 without even mentioning the brutal murder of the Tsar and his family—a crime which shocked civilisation. Why is nothing said of the horrors of the G.P.U., the mass 'liquidations,' the evil international activities of the Comintern? They go far to explain the hostility of which Mr Bilainkin complains so consistently. The criticisms on many of our political leaders are trenchant—in some cases, alas, fully deserved. M. Maisky himself stands out as a fine and attractive character—broad-minded, patient, good humoured, and wise, taking the blows of unpopularity and the bouquets of popularity with equal imperturbability. This is a useful book marred by too much prejudice.

In conjunction with the above it is useful and interesting to read Sir J. A. R. Marriott's '*Anglo-Russian Relations, 1689-1943*' (Methuen), which covers a much larger period of time in much less space. Even though only about forty pages are allowed for the period 1917 to 1943 they are packed with information clearly and concisely given, and thus give a check on Mr Bilainkin's work. While he is the zealous and skilful advocate, Sir John is the impartial and well-balanced judge who sums up the case without allowing his own personal prejudices to intervene. He shows the historic background of our relations with Russia, and the long years of distrust between the Crimean War and the Anglo-Russian Agreement in 1907. Then came the war and Russia's desertion of the Allies in 1917. Never was mutual understanding more difficult than in the years following. Britain and Russia were poles asunder. The Russians did not for many years cease to spread the gospel of communism in the western democracies. British intervention in the Russian civil war embittered Russia: Russian interference in our domestic politics angered us. 'The existence of the Soviet Republic,' declared Lenin, 'side by side with Imperialist states for an extended period is unthinkable.' 'For twenty-five years,' said 'The Times' last June, 'the two countries have been divided by a fog of mutual ignorance and prejudice deepened on the British side by a certain amount of that indiscriminating enthusiasm which is a poor substitute for sober and critical appreciation.' That fog, we hope, is now being dissipated for ever. The whole subject of Anglo-Russian relations is intensely interesting and Sir John Marriott is an illuminating though all too brief guide to it.

The Cambridge University Press are to be thanked for issuing '*A Shorter History of Science*.' It is an abridgment of Sir William Cecil Dampier's large '*History of Science*' which is, of course, a recognised classic. The shorter work is of necessity sketchy yet, managing to convey something of Sir William's masterly style, is far from being a mere handbook. In twenty-one concise chapters we have an account of science from its far-off, crude stirrings in the mists of Prehistory until the present day. Chapters one to seven cover down to the end of the eighteenth century; chapters seven to eleven being

devoted to the nineteenth. Nine well produced plates and fourteen figures in the text add appreciably to the enlightenment and pleasure derived from reading a brief but authoritative scientific survey which is amongst the very best of its kind. At the present moment when the Empire is throwing up countless leaders it is well to be reminded by Sir William that such a process is accompanied by obvious dangers. He says, 'the amount of ability in the country is limited. If it be picked out and raised from the ranks, it may partially be sterilised by a decreased birth rate.' It is, he thinks, doubtful if scholarships will do more than supply the deficiency for a time. We have all around us terrible examples of nations that are disintegrating because their sources of leadership are dried up. Are we not in danger of following their example?

'Rational Medicine,' by Basil Graves (Nicholson and Watson), is written by an ophthalmic surgeon and expresses his views on the state of medicine, with particular reference to medical education, the voluntary hospitals, and the splitting off and development of specialist subjects such as ophthalmology, obstetrics, and orthopaedics from the main body of general surgery and medicine. His views are not always complimentary to the doctor, but are based on incidents and situations most doctors have experienced at one time or another.

Medical education he quite rightly sees cannot be divorced from the general educational level of the community, so he comments freely not only on past faults in the education of the doctor, but in that of the layman also. It is in this context that he uses the word rational, for he would have the public regard the medical man as an honest scientific worker within the limits of scientific knowledge and bereft of the irrational aura of mystery and magic inherited from medieval and earlier times. So his thoughts range far back to the witchcraft of the Middle Ages and forward again to the ignorance of the public to-day. All that is said in criticism of medical education is justifiable, particularly the remarks on the need for testing a craftsman's craftsmanship and a teacher's ability to teach, not their memory and intellectual attainments alone. There is much tilting at the present F.R.C.S.Eng. diploma, and not much appreciation of recent alterations

in the regulations governing the taking of medical degrees, which in many cases cannot now be attempted without proof that considerable practical work has been done.

He champions the specialist surgeon against the general surgeon, too vigorously perhaps to avoid the reproach of being a little biased and a little bitter. It is right that the public should have information, accurate and detailed, about the medical profession at the present time, and this book will undoubtedly be provocative of thought and discussion. But it is discursive, frequently repetitive, and not clearly written, and though much of the criticism is excellent when destructive, the constructive suggestions are few and unimpressive.

If the world in general or Britain and America in particular continue to go astray after this war it will not be from want of advice from earnest Left Wing, intellectual editors, professors, and war correspondents. Their works abound, especially in America. A striking example is 'Let This be the Last War,' by Michael Straight (Allen and Unwin), who, we are told, has since writing it exchanged the editorial chair for the pilot's seat. We wish him good luck—and a more broad-minded view of what the British Empire really is and does. To him and to others like-minded the word Empire seems to mean nothing but selfish exploitation, which must be ended. It is doubtless satisfactory to plan the future of the whole world supremely confident in the complete wisdom of one's own views, but the result on others may be only an irritated reaction from such pontifical pronouncements. Mr Straight's cure for everything seem to be organisation, organisation, and again organisation. Every country and every people must be organised—nothing must be left to chance or human nature, and but scant notice need be paid to national character, tradition, habits, or past history. Apparently Mr Straight thinks that Governments are fully qualified to carry out this super-planning. Every country must be given opportunity and capital (without any thought of profit on the part of the giver) to industrialise itself, however incapable of doing so it may in fact be. There must be no larger power 'exploiting' a smaller one, no matter what material benefits that larger power may have bestowed on the smaller one in the past. And of course there can be no compensation



for industries taken over and nationalised. As with most Americans, India is held up as a dire example of exploitation, but really we cannot accept that Congress is India or the words of Nehru necessarily gospel truth, and we do not like references to African people being 'oppressed under Britain's thumb.' To be sure the Government of U.S.A. comes in for even more acid criticism than ours. Mr Straight's intentions are so good, so altruistic, and so comprehensive that it seems somewhat discourteous to call attention to his apparent difficulty in seeing any point of view but his own. The fitting of the whole world into this somewhat doctrinaire framework, all nations carefully interlocked and kept rigidly with the pattern, makes the obvious play on words irresistible, that the author plans for the world a 'Straight' jacket. And yet though we have been critical, we appreciate the care and experience put into this work, the many interesting facts and statistics included, and the reasoned conclusions. They are well worth studying.

Captain Liddell Hart's 'Why Don't We Learn from History' (Allen and Unwin) is an interesting and forcibly reasoned little book (one of the P.E.N. Series), but it is somewhat depressing in that he begins his strong plea for learning from history with a very downright account of how history is consistently and deliberately falsified in the recording. He gives an extreme case of the eminent French general in the last war dictating orders for a magnificent stand and counter-attack, which he and his staff knew could never materialise, merely because these orders would be filed in military records and become history! How then are we to learn from what is so often tainted at source? The author makes many cogent remarks about how truth is to be sought, even though not always found. He has nothing but criticism for our foreign policy between the wars and our many errors, without perhaps allowing enough for what we suffered from the mistakes of others for which we were not responsible. He makes really interesting suggestions about what might have been, and with these his readers will agree or not according to their personal inclinations. Many will disagree about the guarantee to Poland which he forcibly condemns. But surely it must have been obvious in 1939 even to the Poles what were the limits of material

help which we could give. There was no secret about our unpreparedness and they accepted the guarantee with their eyes open. Would they really have turned to Russia otherwise and created a barrier which even Hitler would have feared? The author deals with several such problems and what he writes must always command study and respect.

In another book, lately published, 'Thoughts on War' (Faber), Captain Liddell Hart experiments with a new technique and puts his own past work to a severe test, which is fully justified. He takes subjects like elements of war; the nature, conditions, and science of war; strategy and tactics; instruments of war; principles of war; economy of force; command in war; the fighting arms; attack and defence; and all these he illuminates and explains with extracts from his own published books between the two wars. The extracts are of course carefully selected and strung together but without alteration or comment. Whether this is really the best way of digesting the considered opinions of a deep and able thinker and student of war readers must decide for themselves. Some prefer their peas, so to speak, whole; others think that better flavour comes from a purée! Undoubtedly the author can in many cases look back with no little satisfaction to the way in which his opinions have been proved right, but readers may regret that those opinions are not supplemented by actual references to the present war. At any rate the work is both useful and interesting.

'War Factory,' a report by Mass Observation (Golancz), is an interesting, enlightening but disturbing little book. It deals primarily with a factory in a provincial town chiefly staffed by women and girls, though doubtless the lessons to be drawn from it are equally true in factories elsewhere. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the 12-hour workday is still so prevalent. They will not be surprised to learn that it leads to persistent dawdling and waste of time. The problem can best be summed up in the words of this book, namely, 'gangs of bewildered and mainly reluctant girls, suddenly cut off from all their former interests and activities; suddenly released from almost all the social and material responsibilities which formerly gave their lives order and shape. Life has

come for them a formless vista of days and weeks from which most physical discomforts have been smoothed out, most cares lifted, and most pleasures and interests gone. Few gleams of aim or purpose lighten this vista, for their interest in the war has been blacked out by this sort of life as surely as their other interests.' We are shown that fervid appeals and 'pep' talk have but trifling effect. Life is monotonous, boring, and out of gear. How is efficiency to be increased and interest aroused? Mass Observation has useful comments and suggestions to make.

'Ramsay Muir: An Autobiography and Some Essays,' edited by Stuart Hodgson (Lund Humphries), is a somewhat tantalising book, as the autobiography only covers the years up to 1917 and much of Muir's best work was done later. The extracts from his letters and the contributions of his friends only in part fill the gap. Muir was one of the many 'Sons of the Manse,' who by their ability, thoroughness, and determination have overcome the handicaps of straitened material circumstances and have carved out for themselves eminent and useful careers. Muir's father was a Scotsman but his manse was in Birkenhead; hence the strong influence which Liverpool held in his life. University College, Liverpool, led to Oxford, but in spite of much temptation to stay there young Ramsay returned to Liverpool as teacher and lecturer and was one of the most energetic founders of Liverpool University. Distracted for a time to Manchester, he subsequently gave much of his life to political work and became what Dr Ernest Barker says of him, 'a professor among politicians and a politician among professors.' As Sir Walter Layton says, he was 'the one outstanding writer and speaker of the last twenty years who consistently expounded the philosophy of Liberalism while most of his friends and associates were busying themselves with the formulation of programmes of action.' The Liberal party owes much to the work and devotion of Ramsay Muir; Liverpool University owes much to his enthusiasm, and the teaching of history not a little to his lectures and books.

Lady Hartog writes that her 'India in Outline' (Cambridge University Press) is 'intended to serve as an introduction to India and to provide a background for

further reading. Without some basis of knowledge it is difficult for the general reader to follow the arguments in many recent books and articles on the subject of India, written from widely different political standpoints. Within the narrow limits of a hundred pages the author has carried out her task with considerable success and the little book will be a helpful guide for beginners. Lady Hartog herself would be the first to admit that for more advanced readers no hundred pages, however concisely and clearly written, could really cover a subject so vast, so complicated, and so controversial. It is an interesting point that even in so short a historical survey no room should be found for any mention of any Viceroy except half a dozen passing references to Lord Linlithgow and three to Lord Wavell. And yet many Viceroys have names honourably and inseparably linked with India's history. We may hope that readers after enjoying this useful and objectively written little book will not be content until they have read farther and more deeply into the subject.

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POSTSCRIPT TO BRITAIN AT WAR (page 328)

*June 5.*—In the four weeks that have intervened since I wrote the above much has happened. Cassino lies behind our front, Rome has been reached; the much criticised Anzio beach-head has justified its existence and more. The air offensive is 'stepped up,' to use the current jargon: in other words, by day and by night the Nazi power is rocked unceasingly and terribly from the skies they once sought to rule. In the Pacific the tide of defeat comes irresistibly nearer to Japan. In Russia all is poised for the greatness of the summer's onslaught. At home the Government, through Lord Woolton, has undertaken to tackle the major problem of peace, unemployment. The Education Bill has passed the Commons and the McNair Report on the supply of teachers has been issued, both without one single reference to the great body of registered teachers, now over 89,000 in number, an astonishing omission it is hoped to repair in the Lords. In general, everywhere a tensivity unparalleled, not perhaps most helped by the speeches of commanders who do not all take their cues from the practice of General Alexander. All roads to Rome, and then?

